THE DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

NO 101 JUNE 75p U.S.$2.00 CAN$2.60 MARVEL

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INTERVIEW

WE TALK TO RON JONES – DIRECTOR OF VENGEANCE ON VAROS

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DOCTOR WHO
CONTENTS

DOCTOR WHO LETTERS 4

READERS ART 6

A selection of drawings by some of the talented Doctor Who Magazine readers.

RON JONES INTERVIEW................7

We talk to the popular director of many *Doctor Who* adventures.

GALLIFREY GUARDIAN 13

ON TARGET 15

FROM THE ARCHIVES..................16

This issue we cover *Frontios*, a story from the Peter Davison era, featuring the incredible Tractator creatures. Plus behind-the-scenes information in our *Fact File*.

DOCTOR WHO RETROSPECTIVE 20

A look back at the last Season as we review *Mark of the Rani* and *The Two Doctors*, in full colour.

MATRIX DATA BANK 25

COMIC STRIP 27

The excitement mounts for the Doctor and Frobisher in the second, and concluding, part of the explosive adventure, *War-Game*.

DISCO DOCTOR!.............................35

A special feature on the making of the *Who Cares* song, *Doctor in Distress*. PLUS you can win copies of this record, PERSONALY AUTOGRAPHED by THE DOCTOR and PERI, in a FANTASTIC COMPETITION.

First the bad news. With this issue the price of **Doctor Who Magazine** increases to 75p. No elaborate excuses, but since the price hike last year, our paper costs have escalated some 15 – 20 percent, and to keep the magazine going this has to be absorbed by the new cover price. Sorry, but that's commerce.

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

Now the good news. With all the art submissions which have been pouring in since our request a few issues back, we've decided to set aside a regular Readers Art page to serve as a mini-gallery for your efforts. And while our art files were bulging (and hopefully will continue to bulge) people were putting pen to paper in other inventive ways and sending in possible storylines featuring their favourite Doctors. A few of these endeavours were quite good, but at the time they arrived there was no real opportunity to adequately feature them. However, after *The Legacy of Gallifrey* in **Doctor Who Magazine 100,** we got to thinking that this seemed the ideal way to showcase stories submitted by readers. To whit a story competition, the details of which will be finalised in a future issue. What we can tell you at this stage is that the winning stories will be presented in an illustrated format in the magazine, the artwork being provided by some of Marvel's top artists.

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DOCTOR WHO LETTERS

Send all your letters to:
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23 Redan Place,
Queensway,
London W2 4SA.

WONDER WHO?

When the closing credits of *Revelation of the Daleks* flashed ominously across my screen on Saturday March 30th at 6.05, I was already experiencing withdrawal symptoms. Without my weekly fix of *Doctor Who* I am at a loss as to what should occupy my already boring Saturday afternoons. The following Saturday I still turned on my TV set to see what wonderful programme had replaced the best . . . and who do I see speeding across my screen . . . Yes, you guessed it, the old *New Adventures of Wonder Woman.* Hardly a likely replacement of *Doctor Who.* Is this the sort of rubbish which is now going to occupy our Saturday 5.20 slot? Let's hope that this was a one-off.

Enough of my moans against the useless BBC controllers, I thought I'd write in and congratulate John Nathan-Turner, Colin Baker and Nicola Bryant and all the individual directors for one of the best complete seasons of *Doctor Who* for a long time. The criticisms of the whole of this season could be written on the back of a postage stamp. However, despite this, the only criticism I do have is the Master's explained, or should I say unexplained, return in *Mark of the Rani.* Explained by Anthony Ainley as the Master being indestructable. Some other feasible explanation could, I'm sure, have been written. I hope the next Master story won't simply have him returning but a short explanation of how he escaped from the Rani's TARDIS.

Re. 'No name given, South Luffenham, Leicestershire' letter of issue 99 concerning Nicola Bryant's performance. Far be it for me to criticise somebody else's letter but I consider Nicola Bryant's performance as wonderful. Okay so she screams and winces a lot but couldn't this be said of Victoria? But she was still popular. I know the female companion's supposed to have become liberated but for once isn't it nice for the Doctor to have to rescue his companion. This is no slur on Peri as I'm sure she is quite capable of getting out of a difficult situation as she has shown in many stories. Peri has also been known on more than one occasion to speak her mind. And although she argues mostly with the Doctor was prepared to sacrifice his own life to save the people of Karfel.

Well enough of the waffle . . . Oh, before I go please, please get one of the script writers, preferably Christopher H. Bidmead, to write a script that gives Peri more to do before she leaves as Tegan did in *Kinda* and *Snakedance.* After all *Doctor Who* is about the companions as well. Loved Nicola Bryant's costumes, best since Romana II.

Richard Foxon,
Hinckley,
Leicestershire.

COMIC PRAISE

Although, and not surprisingly after such a long run, the **Doctor Who Magazine's** factual features are beginning to seem a little exhausted of new ideas, I think I ought to chip in a few words of praise for the comic strip. At the moment, your strip is, I feel, in the unprecedented state of surpassing its TV counterpart in verve and imagination. If only John Nathan-Turner hired up the Marvel writers, then maybe the show could escape from the TV 'B' Movie melodrama it seems to have fixed itself into over the last few years. Obviously the flights of fancy envisaged in your cartoon strips would be a little, shall we say, financially restrictive as regards the BBC and its "disappointing" licence fee increase, but money is no excuse for failing to employ imaginative writers and directors. I know this sounds like "I remember the good old days" Hovis ads, but nine or ten years ago they were producing *Deadly Assassin* and *Pyramids of Mars* for a fraction of the money spent on stories in the 1985 season.

Darren Giddings,
Box,
Wilts.

ASTOUNDING REVELATION 1

I've just finished watching *Revelation of the Daleks* and in my view it was a strange and uneven story with its superb points and its awful points.

Let's get the bad points out of the way first. Alexei Sayle! I just don't like him, but that said, his scene with Peri in episode 2 was truly touching. There were one or two bad special effects (the Dalek passing directly in front of the camera just before the end of the first episode comes to mind), and some awful acting (mainly from Jenny Tomasin – sorry), I also didn't like the Dalek voices (but this was partly explained in the story – them not being Daleks at all, but reconditioned humans) but even so, I didn't like them.

Apart from these minor points though, *Revelation* was superb. The basic story of Davros experimenting on humans to create a new Dalek race and then being kidnapped and taken to Skaro for trial by the faction of Daleks serving the Supreme Dalek was sheer brilliance! I even liked Davros – being wonderfully manic and evil (though where he got that lightning bolt ray and the power of levitation from I'll never know!).

Another superbly directed story by Greame Harper, especially the first 10 minutes of the first episode and the last 15 minutes of the second – brilliant. The atmosphere of the snowy wastelands and the feeling of impending doom and destruction was so thick you could feel it – definitely feature-film standard!

The make-up is also getting better. The transparent Dalek in the first episode was outstanding.

Neil Roberts,
Caerphilly,
South Wales.

ASTOUNDING REVELATION 2

Revelation of the Daleks must surely go down as one of the very best all time *Doctor Who* greats. Not only was it a real classic piece of *Who,* but it was also a real piece of classic television as well. What a shame that it had to be transmitted at a time when an awful shadow of uncertainty is hanging over the programme's future.

Revelation was everything which *Doctor Who* should be; a first rate story and cast, with a little good (but not silly) humour, and full of suspense and surprises. This story alone proves (if proof was ever required) that the *Doctor Who* magic has certainly never been lost, . . . even if it has been mislaid just a time or two over the years.

Our most sincere congratulations go out to John Nathan-Turner and the team for making *Revelation of the Daleks* one of the all time *Doctor Who* greats.

Eric & Julie Johnson,
Cheadle Hulme,
Cheshire.

SEASON COMMENT

Well, Colin Baker's first full season as the Doctor is over. I feel I must write to express my opinions. Colin Baker was an excellent choice to play the Doctor. His strong personality comes over very well making him drastically different from the last Doctor.

Attack of the Cybermen, in my view very appropriately named, Cybermen wrestled to the floor. In *Earthshock* even concentrated laser fire couldn't stop them, now it takes one single bullet. The weakness of the Cybermen ruined the story for me. Hopefully if we ever see them again the situation will be different.

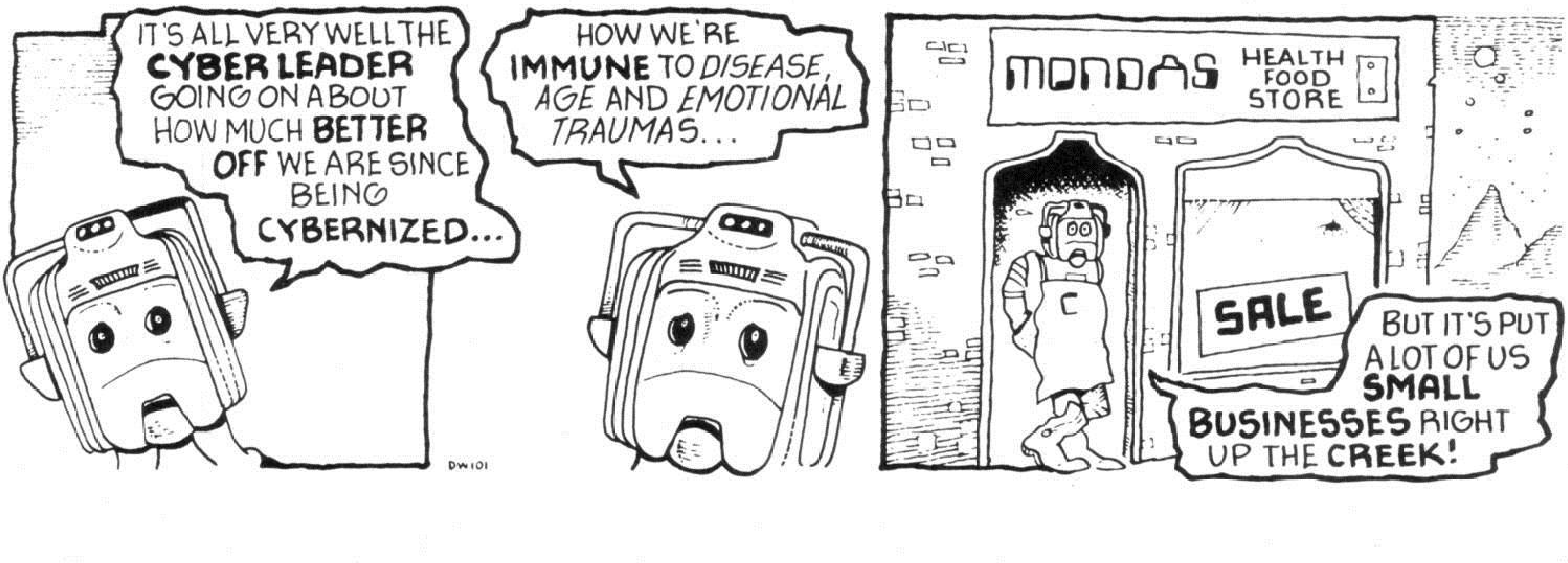
The high point of the season in my view was *The Two Doctors.* Patrick Troughton and Frazer Hines recreated their roles perfectly; and nice to see them in the old style TARDIS. This added to the fact some new aliens were created backed up, of course, by the welcome return of the Sontarans made the story a winner.

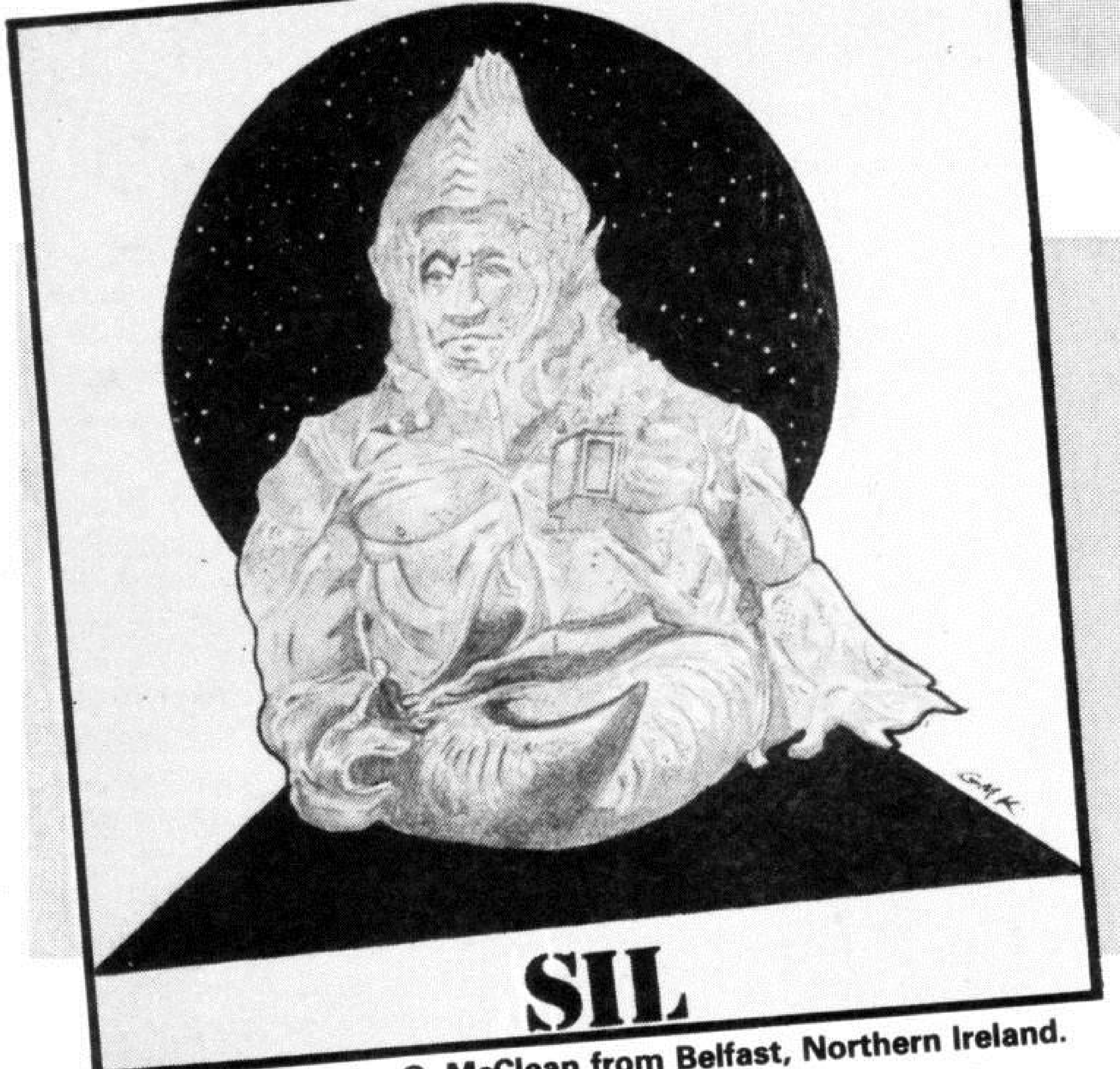
The final story I found hard to like or dislike. *Revelation of the Daleks,* not a very exciting name. Firstly during the first fifty minutes we must have seen about ten minutes of the Doctor and about three minutes of the Daleks. The second episode proved better with the Daleks acting true to form. The stunning arrival of the Dalek force surprised me completely. One last point, why is it now whenever we meet the Daleks we also have to meet Davros? The Davros idea was a good one to start with but is now wearing a little thin.

On the whole an enjoyable first season.

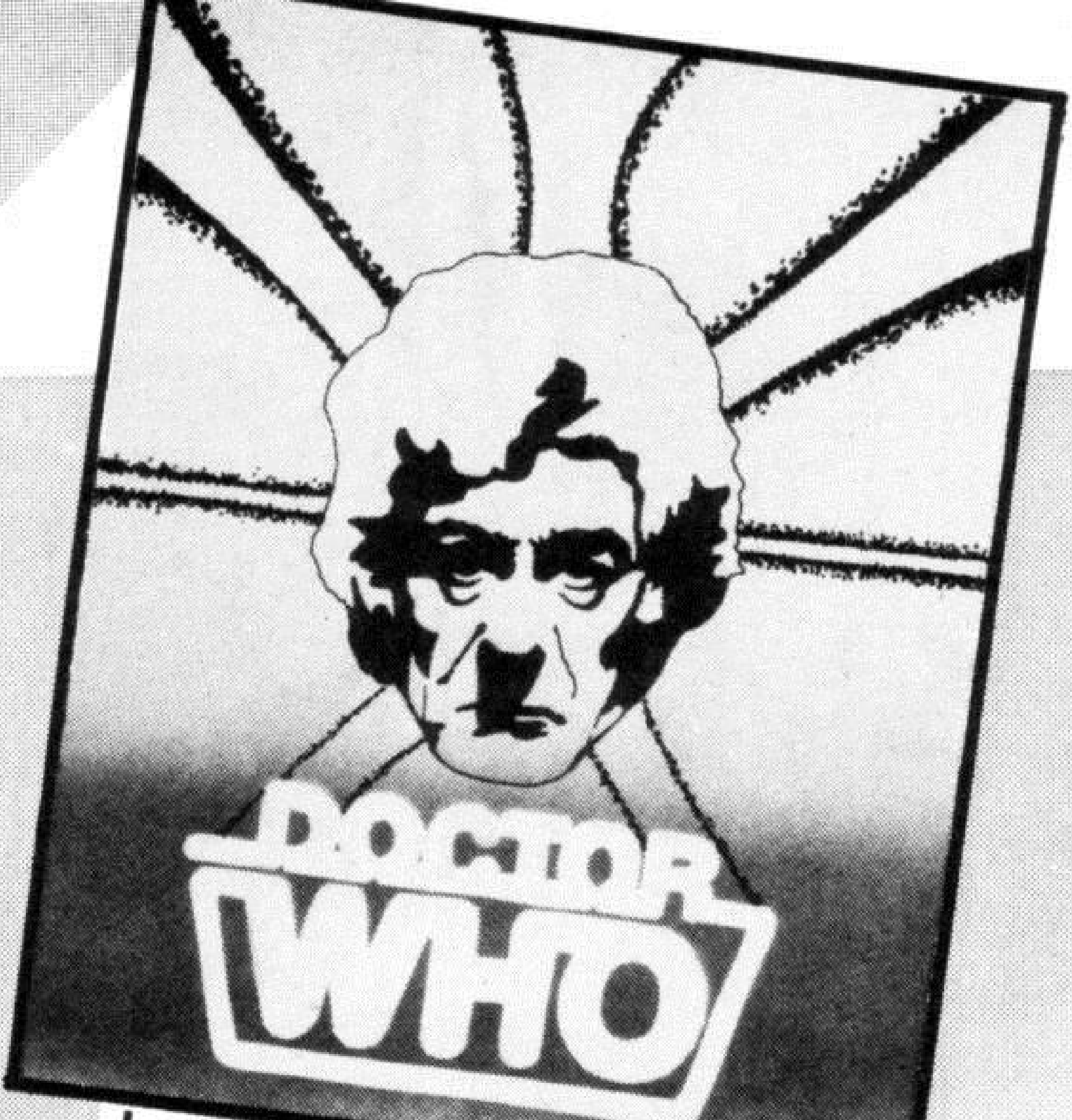
Stephen Liddle (age 14),
North Harrow,
Middlesex.

DOCTOR WHO? by Tim Quinn & Dicky Howett


IT'S ALL VERY WELL THE CYBER LEADER GOING ON ABOUT HOW MUCH BETTER OFF WE ARE SINCE BEING CYBERNIZED...
HOW WE'RE IMMUNE TO DISEASE, AGE AND EMOTIONAL TRAUMAS...
DW101
MONDAS HEALTH FOOD STORE
C
SALE
BUT IT'S PUT A LOT OF US SMALL BUSINESSES RIGHT UP THE CREEK!

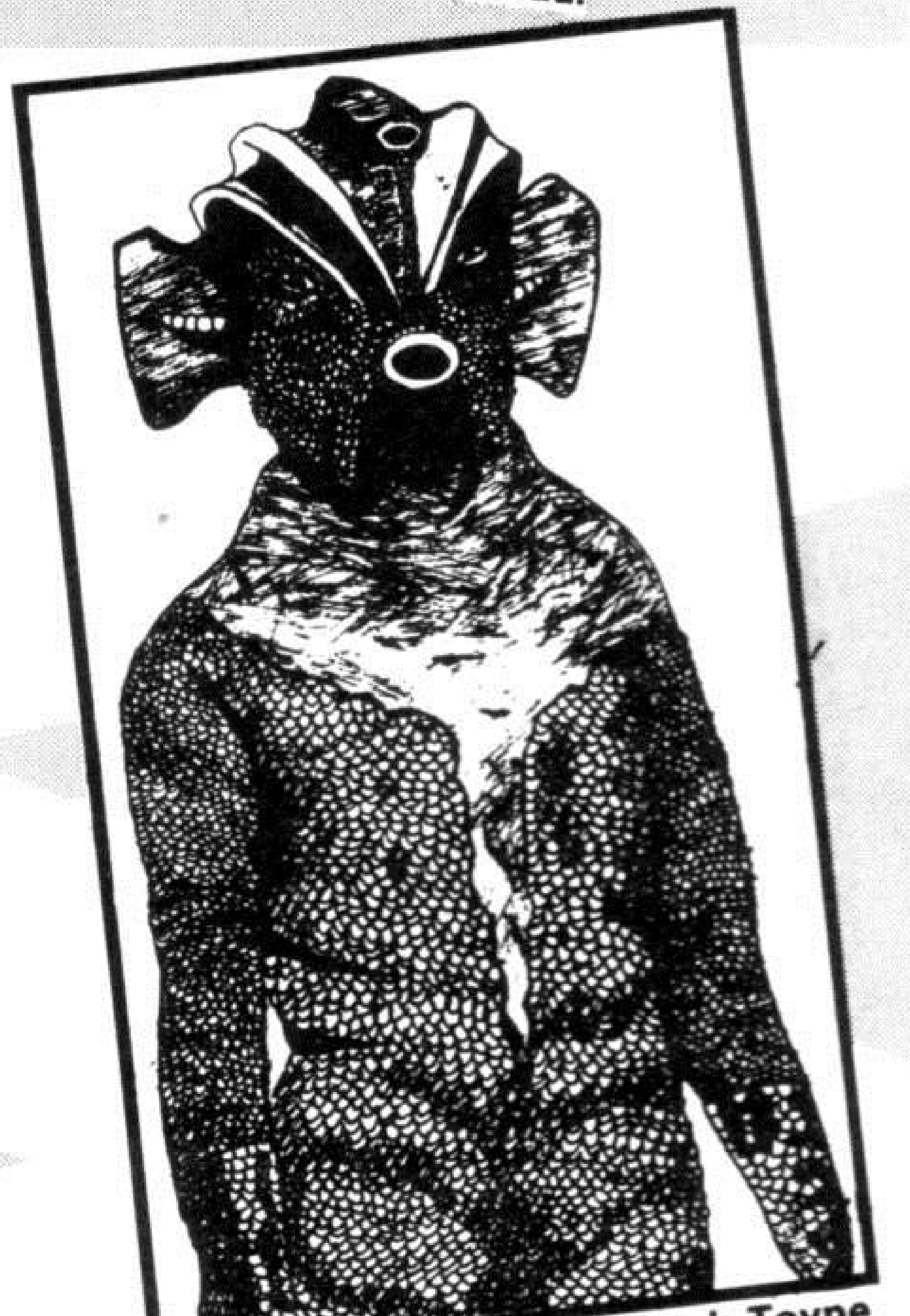


Sil, as drawn by G. McClean from Belfast, Northern Ireland.

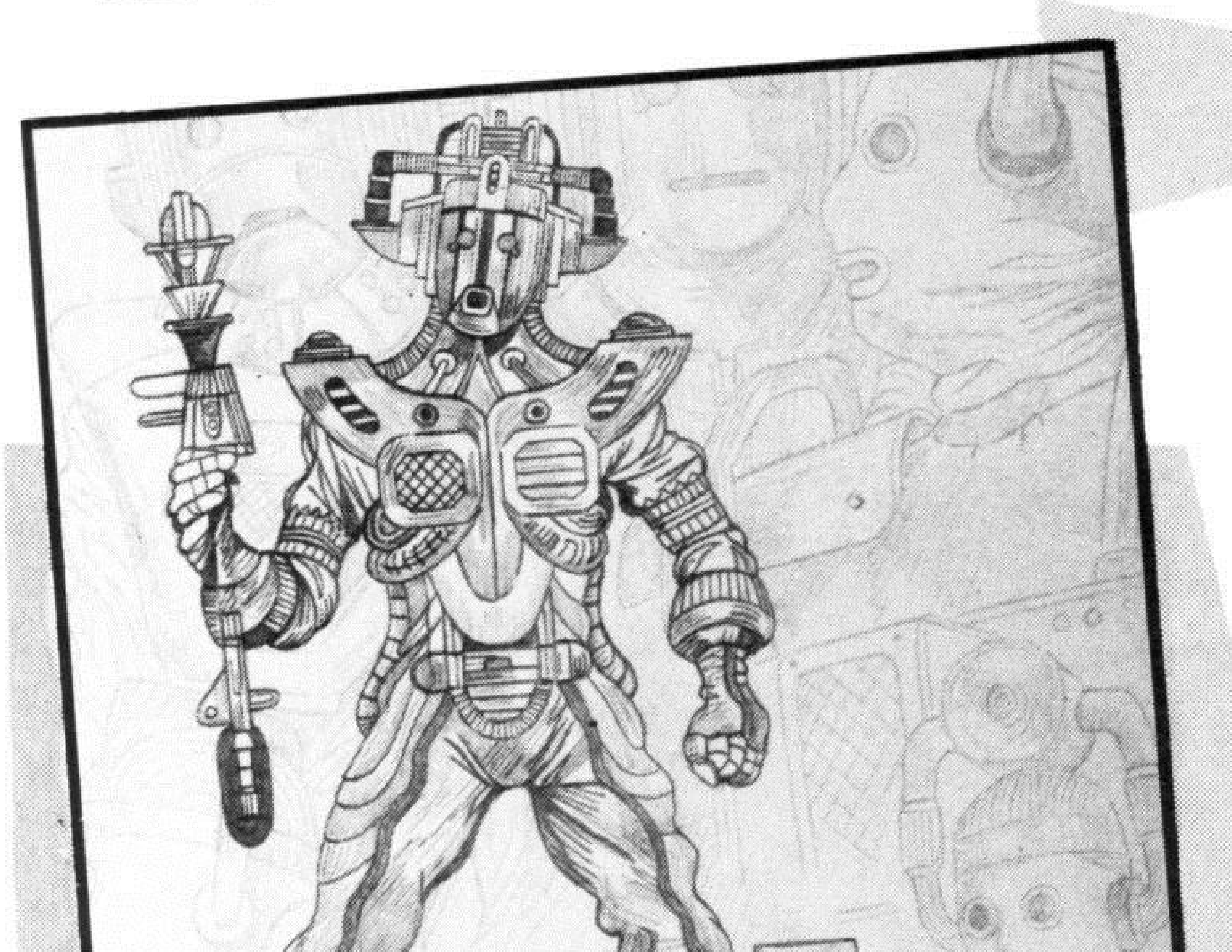

DOCTOR WHO
B.T.

Jon Pertwee by Barry Tomlinson of West Vancouver in Canada.

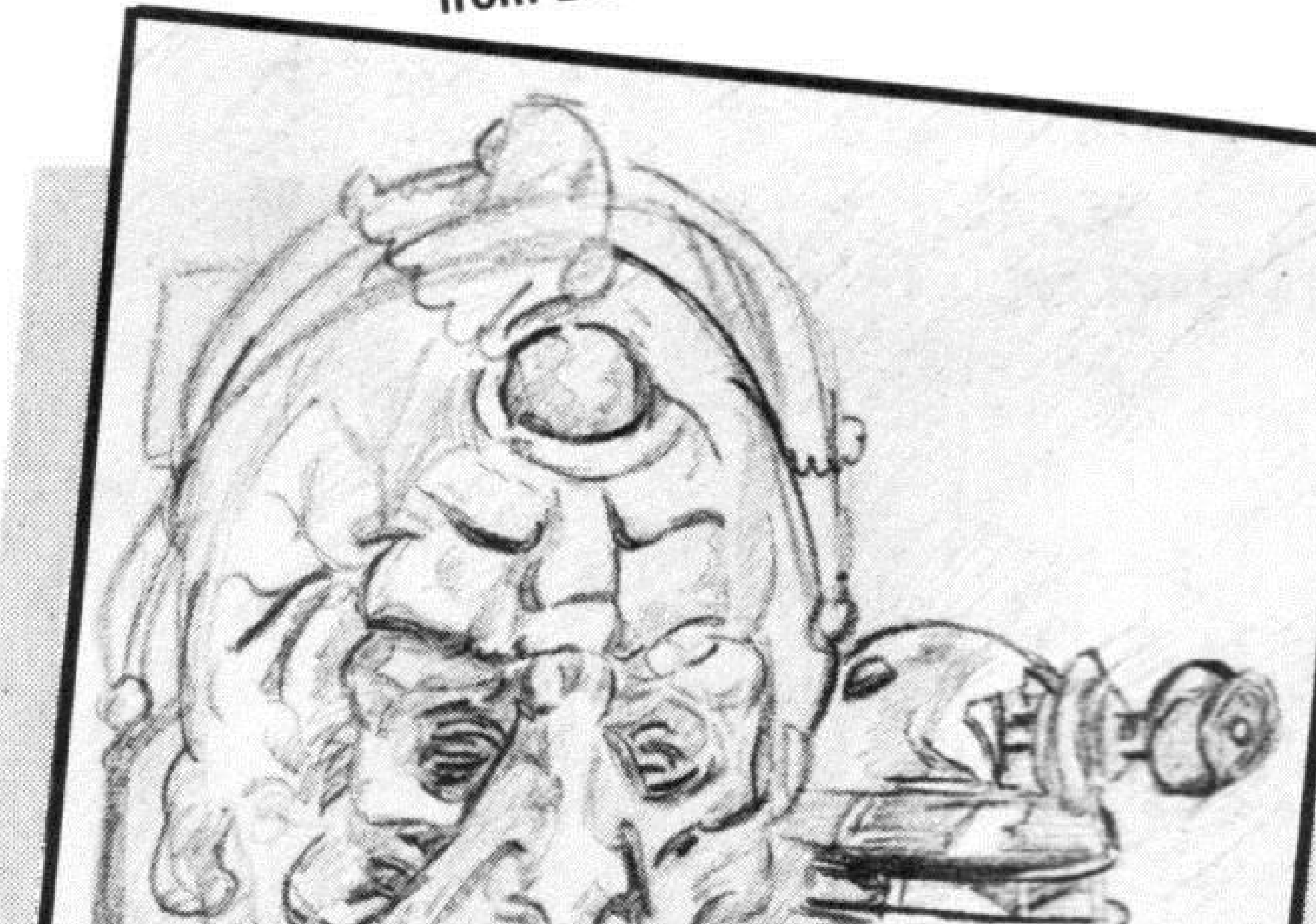
Readers' A·R·T



A Silurian by Angela Sarah Toyne from Bradford, West Yorkshire.


KING CYBER
W Hooper

Cyber-art from W.A. Hooper of Dagenham in Essex.



Davros, Dalek creator by Stephen Marriott from Belper, Derbyshire.

INTERVIEW

Ron Jones

***The* Doctor Who *credits of Ron Jones are impressive. His first job for the show was the popular two-part historical* Black Orchid*, which he followed up the same season with Peter Grimwade's adventurous* Time-Flight. Arc of Infinity *was next, closely followed by the superb* Frontios*, and coming right up to date, Ron Jones's latest production was another excellent story,* Vengeance on Varos. Richard Marson *caught up with the busy Director recently, to bring back this exclusive interview for the* Doctor Who Magazine.**

Ron Jones joined the BBC straight from university as a studio manager in radio, "responsible for all the technical side of a radio show and keeping the link between the technical and production teams". Once inside the Corporation he set about realising his ambition to work in television, starting as an assistant floor manager and working his way through a huge variety of programmes ranging from school shows, drama and light entertainment to documentaries and features.

"I then started work on *Blue Peter* for about two years, researching, writing and occasionally directing some of the small film stories featured in the show. It was a bit like being a cub reporter on a newspaper, working on a very tight schedule and learning all the time." Deciding he really wanted to work in drama, Jones eventually became a production manager working on several shows, but notably on *Secret Army*: "I was in charge of setting up the foreign filming, and on one occasion, with time running short, I was allowed to direct some of the film sequences myself". Like so many *Doctor Who* directors before him, Jones at last got himself onto the BBC's internal director's course, sponsored by the Drama Department: "You finish up making a tape which you then show around the Producers in the hope they will see potential there and employ you. I showed mine to John Nathan-Turner and he commented favourably. He was obviously suitably impressed because he then offered me *Black Orchid*, my first directoral job, while I was still working on the first episode of *Bergerac*".

Jones admits to being understandably daunted by the prospect of directing the two parter: "I think it was a very good script and looking back I often think I'd like to go back and do it all over again. Although my experience as a production manager was useful, it was my first show and I always think of the studio as being like a juggernaut – once it starts rolling you can only hope that you are the driver and that you're taking it in the right direction. I found the really important thing after working out all the technical stuff was not to forget that you need to get the right performance from the actors. When you're new it's not easy to avoid getting too involved with the lighting and things like that".

Jones found the filming provided him with the biggest problems in making *Black Orchid*: "Quite apart from anything else it was supposed to take place in the height of summer and we were filming in October trying to avoid rain and other horrors like that. The actors were understandably very cold! ▶

We had a lot of trouble actually finding the location because we needed to combine the house with an old fashioned railway station. We found the station in Buckinghamshire, but the house was a real problem. We needed a terrace suitable for dancing, a cricket ground with pavillion, and a roof for the final scenes. John suggested a house that might be sufficient after filming *Castrovalva* in the grounds. We went to see it, but at first the owners weren't keen on us using it – they thought it would become identified as a result. We managed to persuade them on the grounds that our story was a total fiction but even then we had to construct a second smaller roof on the top of the house to enable us to film up there."

Another early difficulty to overcome was finding a double for actress Sarah Sutton: "It was an amazing problem, finding someone who was the right height and also the right build. The girl we got, Venessa Paine, was used for some scenes, but for others it proved to be an exercise in concentration for Sarah. In the studio we used the split screen technique, recording only one half of the picture and then remounting the scene with Sarah playing it all over again to nothing except her own recorded voice, being played back via some speakers. It was extremely time consuming, but I was helped by it being the main technical requirement of the script. Apart from that there were the stunts, but there we were working with experts so any risk was minimised.

"I always talk to my actors to make sure they can enter into the spirit of doing* Doctor Who. *There are times in rehearsals where it can be very difficult to keep absolutely straight faced about it."

"We had a minor dispute with our technicians over lighting in the studio and so we never got the lighting exactly as I wanted it. There is basic lighting and fine lighting, and in the event we only had the basic, so the drawing room and hall sets weren't picked out as well as I wanted. It's the kind of thing I expect we, as a production, agonise over more than the viewer would."

With work on *Black Orchid* barely complete, Producer John Nathan-Turner then came to Jones in a hurry to ask him to direct the nineteenth season's conclusion, *Time-Flight*: "I was delighted. I had tried to get my first one as good as possible, and this was a sign of confidence. I'd proved myself capable. However, this time it was to prove pretty demanding. I think the main obstacle I felt was the filming

factor. I think at one time in its history we would probably have liked to have done all that heath stuff on location, but it would have required at least two weeks filming which was out of the question. That said, to re-create an entire heath in the studio is very difficult. We had a perspective set to try and give some idea of scale, but that meant that the actors were limited in their movement and the overall impression was too static. I tried to be a bit more interesting by using that rocky outcrop and setting some scenes up against it, some slightly away from it and so on."

The Plasmatons, monsters of Kalid's creation, were another challenge posed in the script: "It was interesting. The Plasmatons came out of our preplanning meeting when we all agreed the problem with monsters was that because you usually have a man inside, it's difficult to get away from the basic human shape. As a kind of amorphous glob, (the Plasmatons) were a desire to break away from that, although unfortunately I don't think they worked as well as they could have done had they been more mobile."

"I have to admit I find the music side of* Doctor Who *is really my blind spot. That's not to say I don't know where I think it should be or where I think it fits . . . My general rule is to try to keep it unobtrusive."

Filming in Heathrow Airport in the freezing cold of January (1982) was quite a coup for the *Doctor Who* team: "*Time-Flight* actually broke a bit of new ground as far as Heathrow was concerned. They had more or less banned drama filming at the airport because apart from being inundated with requests, I think they had had bad experiences. We approached them early on, and British Airways were quite keen for us to use Concorde, but it all rested with the British Airports Authority who said 'OK we'll give it a try' – I think because they had a *Doctor Who* fan there!

"It didn't really fit to have all that snow there but we had absolutely no way around it. What would have been our alternative? Filming in Terminal One was great fun and interesting for the reactions of travellers as they saw the TARDIS and then Janet wandering around followed by a film camera."

The use of stock footage in *Time-Flight* was something Jones wasn't overjoyed about, but as he pointed out: "Again we had no alternative. Using it was difficult because it had to blend with our models and it was a very tricky operation. If there had been any other way I would have gladly used it."

The problems of doing justice to a writer's script consume a great deal of Jones's time and energy: "My theory is that you put your resources into what you can do best. *Frontios*, for example, was written on this vast scale with the huge colony ship, and we were supposed to relate that to the street below. It was a major headache to realise that in a studio with no pre-filming. Sometimes I'll re-locate scenes to get the best visual impact out of them. When we went to Amsterdam for *Arc of Infinity* – and – and I'm sure Johnny Byrne won't mind me saying this – I virtually plotted the whole of the end action. With a week's filming we wanted to get some sort of value out of it, and a chase on foot has to be very carefully constructed to make it exciting. I added things like the bridge being pulled up just as they wanted to cross it, as a way not only of prolonging the suspense but also of saying, 'Look everybody, this is the locale at its most dramatic'. My locating of the final moments on the lock gates was another slight change from the original script. I thought it pointed out rather nicely that Omega had nowhere to run to anymore.

"I think the chase sequence was undoubtedly the most complicated to film. Having got the script I went to Amsterdam with John and our production manager, where we got in touch with the Tourist Board there who are very good at looking after visiting film crews. We told them what we wanted and they then pointed us in the right direction, so to speak. Indeed, the filming at the airport there was easier than it had been in this country for *Time-Flight*. The main location we used, although very central, was actually untypical of most of Holland, but it suited our purposes exactly. It was all kept in as close a vicinity as possible simply because if you're travelling you're losing filming time."

I asked Jones about the rehearsal time on his stories and wondered if he had any observations to make about the way in which his casting procedure works: "I always talk to my actors to make sure they can enter into the spirit of doing *Doctor Who*. There are times in rehearsal where it can be very difficult to keep absolutely straight faced about it. You have to balance between lessening tensions and making it ridiculous. In *Time-Flight* I remember rehearsing the scene with the three-headed dragon, and it *was* extremely amusing to ask fully grown men to stand there in a rehearsal room and look terrified. On the other hand I knew when I asked them to do so in the studio they would look terrified. There's not any disrespect you see, but there has to be that initial fun to get rid of the tension. Rehearsing scenes in the TARDIS is relatively easy since everybody knows the set and the general form.

"When casting you bear a lot of ▶

***Far left:* *The oriental 'Master' of menace, Kalid (Anthony Ainley), in* Time-Flight. *Left: The Doctor (Peter Davison) clowns around in* Black Orchid.**

considerations in mind. Sometimes you look for the characteristics of a part in a characteristics of an actor – Peter Gilmore is a case in point. A lot of actors, some of them very well known, I find are particularly keen to play the nasty characters; they think that's what the enjoyment of *Doctor Who* is about. However, if somebody is well known for playing a certain type of part it isn't necessarily a good thing to cast them against type because the chances are that their looks or presence will determine what they do best and how the audience relates to them. In that sense casting against type can do the script a disservice, although obviously it depends on the individual in question."

Jones is, of course, one of the people responsible for bringing the attention of the show's producer to actor Colin Baker, with whom Jones has just worked again in *Vengeance On Varos*: "I cast Colin in *Arc of Infinity* because I like him as an actor and as a person he has a tremendous sense of humour. He's a very intelligent guy and he's bringing a lot of himself to the part, especially in the form of this dry wit. As a Doctor he's very interesting to watch and lovely to direct."

Jones says he doesn't have strong feelings about the use of incidental music in his stories: "I have to admit I find the music side of *Doctor Who* is really my blind spot. That's not to say I don't know where I think it should be or where I think it fits. I've known Roger Limb a long time – we worked in radio together – and we almost always agreed on where it should go. It is difficult to know if you're laying it on a bit too heavily, although you certainly want it to help the action occasionally. My general rule is to try and keep it unobtrusive."

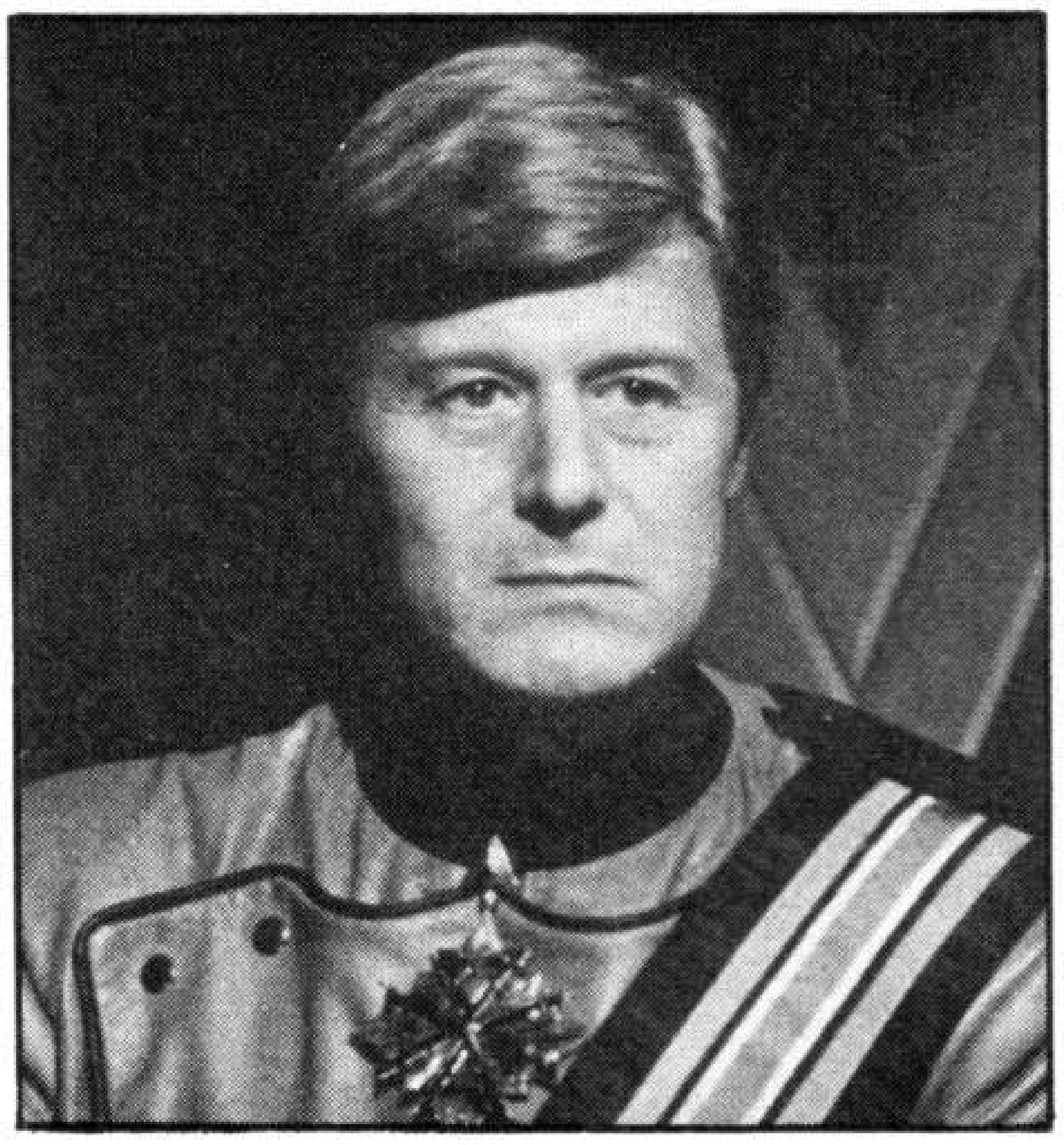
During his work with the series Jones has enjoyed several of the close encounters with hazards that later assume a more amusing nature: "When we were recording *Time-Flight*, Kalid had to collapse to the floor and dissolve slightly. We used a double to save time, so that Anthony (Ainley) could go off and get changed for the rest of the scene, and also so that visual effects could set up the mask with the fluid pipes. We started to record it and in the gallery we all thought it looked very effective. After taking quite a long time I said 'Cut' and I shall never forget our poor double saying 'My God, I nearly drowned!' He'd fallen in such a way that some of the fluid was going up his nose and into his mouth. Later, in editing, I wasn't allowed to forget the incident – it was preserved on tape to make me feel guilty!"

Working on the show's tight schedule, I wondered if Jones had ever actually run out of time during a studio session: "I've never had to have a re-mount, but like everyone I have had the occasional over run for which we have to have an agreed extension. A case in point was the recent recording of *Vengeance On Varos* where on one day I decided 'yes we should finish with an extension', while on another I didn't stop them pulling the plugs. It was actually quite amusing because one of the cast had this line about running out of breath or something – I think it was 'I can't go on', just as the main studio lights went up and recording had to stop."

"It's one of the great things about doing (**Doctor Who*****); you know that you're doing it for an audience, and that they're generally an appreciative one. TV is like a limbo really, you make it and it disappears into the air with little or no comment, but a show like*****Doctor Who*****, isn't the same."***

Jones tends to confine himself more to the production gallery when making *Doctor Who*, although he does occasionally come down to direct from the floor: "In the end you, as a director, have to be most concerned about what is appearing on screen. When you go into the studio you are really the only person who knows one hundred per cent exactly what you want to do. Lots of people know sixty per cent of what I'm after and I have to communicate my wishes to them. I'll only go on the floor, as a rule, to explain a really complicated series of shots to the camera boys and the actors for the up coming take, but that's about it."

Jones only cuts his episodes for reasons of length: "With *Frontios* I didn't mind in a way, because in my opinion the stuff I cut didn't work as well as the rest of the show anyway. We know well beforehand the line to take with being frightening so that's never been a difficulty. It's all a question of time – one of the original *Frontios* episodes were something like forty minutes long. Quite a lot of nice stuff had to go from *Black Orchid* too. Breathing moments, like all the stuff I shot of the vintage car for insance is always the first to go simply because its not ultimately essential to the story." Jones has in fact got quite a reputation for the snappy pace of his work. Was this an intentional style?: "Well no. I don't sit down and think that's the style I want before anything else is considered. When you read the script a basic image forms in your mind and you'll know the feel you want to aim for. As an example I wanted *Frontios* to seem very repressive, and *Vengeance On Varos* I hope has the same type of 'no escape' claustrophobia to it. Your feelings are quickly communicated to the actors who then pick it up and expand it – as Mark Strickson did in *Frontois* and Martin Jarvis in *Varos*."



I wondered if Jones had any story he has particularly enjoyed: "I think *Black Orchid* probably. The main thing I've learnt since then is not to be too ambitious, and to really appreciate what you've got and what you can achieve. In a way I could have sat down with *Time-Flight* and *Frontios* and wept that they're not feature films. They were both full of marvellous images. For my money a film like *Blade Runner* has got quite staggering images, but I thought the actual story was rubbish. The plot could be written on half a postcard. Ultimately I would like to be known as a storyteller and not just as an image creator. You gear the script to make it as convincing as possible – it's the old thing about any storytelling, that you want people to believe in it. In *Doctor Who* you have the advantage of creating complete fantasy with sets, characters and everything, but you still want the audience to believe in it, accept the context and become involved.

"The story that in the end I didn't feel so happy about was *Time-Flight*. It was only my second show and I said to a friend at the time, 'I did it as technically and as capably as I could, which is not to say someone else could't have done it better'. I found the physical restrictions swamped us rather. You always have an initial gut reaction to a story, and with *Time-Flight* I knew it was going to be tough to realise from the beginning."

Jones's latest work for the show was this season's *Vengeance On Varos*: "I read it and thought at once 'This is very exciting'. If you remember *Gansters*, it was in the same way a mix of toughness and humour. *Vengeance* fitted quite comfortably in the studio and I was quite happy for it to be that way. I thought the sets were most effective, and they were fairly flexible. For that one mortuary fight scene we had to

Far left:* Martin Jarvis as the *Governor from* Vengeance on Varos. *Above: Peri is taken prisoner on Varos.

construct an entire water tank in the corner of the studio.

"We were very lucky in our cast too. Jason Connery is very up and coming for instance, and Nabil Shaban was exactly right as Sil. I wanted him to appear as slimy as possible, and Nabil gave a lovely performance of the right kind of eye rolling evil. The voice was designed to be quite sinister as well. Of course it's very hot in all our monster costumes and after takes Nabil had to be kept cool with face fans. In *Frontios* we had air pipes for the Tractators."

Jones is very aware of the fan following *Doctor Who* has acquired: "It's one of the great things about doing the programme; you know you're doing it for an audience and that they're generally an appreciative one. In that sense it's rather like *Blue Peter* – it has a committed audience. TV is like a limbo really, you make it and it disappears into the air with little or no comment but a show like *Doctor Who* isn't the same. Not all the letters I get are complimentary – they say things like 'why did you do this?' in an accusing way. I got one about *Frontios* complaining about something I myself had been unhappy about, but had had no alternative to use. It was a fairly minor continuity point – something changed between shots and you usually hope the story will overcome instances like that. For most people they do."

I asked Jones for some of the highlights of working on the series: "I love working with the casts. We're all striving together to make it different and original wherever possible. In *Time-Flight*, as an example, Anthony Ainley was very thoughtful and dedicated when it came to discussing his interpretation of Kalid. We gave it a lot of consideration, and that paid off with the pleasing result we achieved in the end."

I was once warned not to work, if at all possible, with trains, planes, cars or boats, and of course in *Doctor Who* I've worked with all of them in one way or another. In *Vengeance On Varos* we had our own vehicles to contend with. What next I wonder?"

Since becoming a freelance director Jones has also co-produced a film intended for the video market called *Tangier* and he has also been working on Central TV's *Murphy's Mob* alongside *Doctor Who* companion Janet Fielding. As yet he doesn't know if he'll be doing another story for the programme, but says that he'd very much like to. ■

Thanks to Margot Eavis, Ron Jones's production manager, for helping to arrange the interview on behalf of **Doctor Who Magazine***, and also my thanks to Patrick Mulkern for secretarial assistance.*

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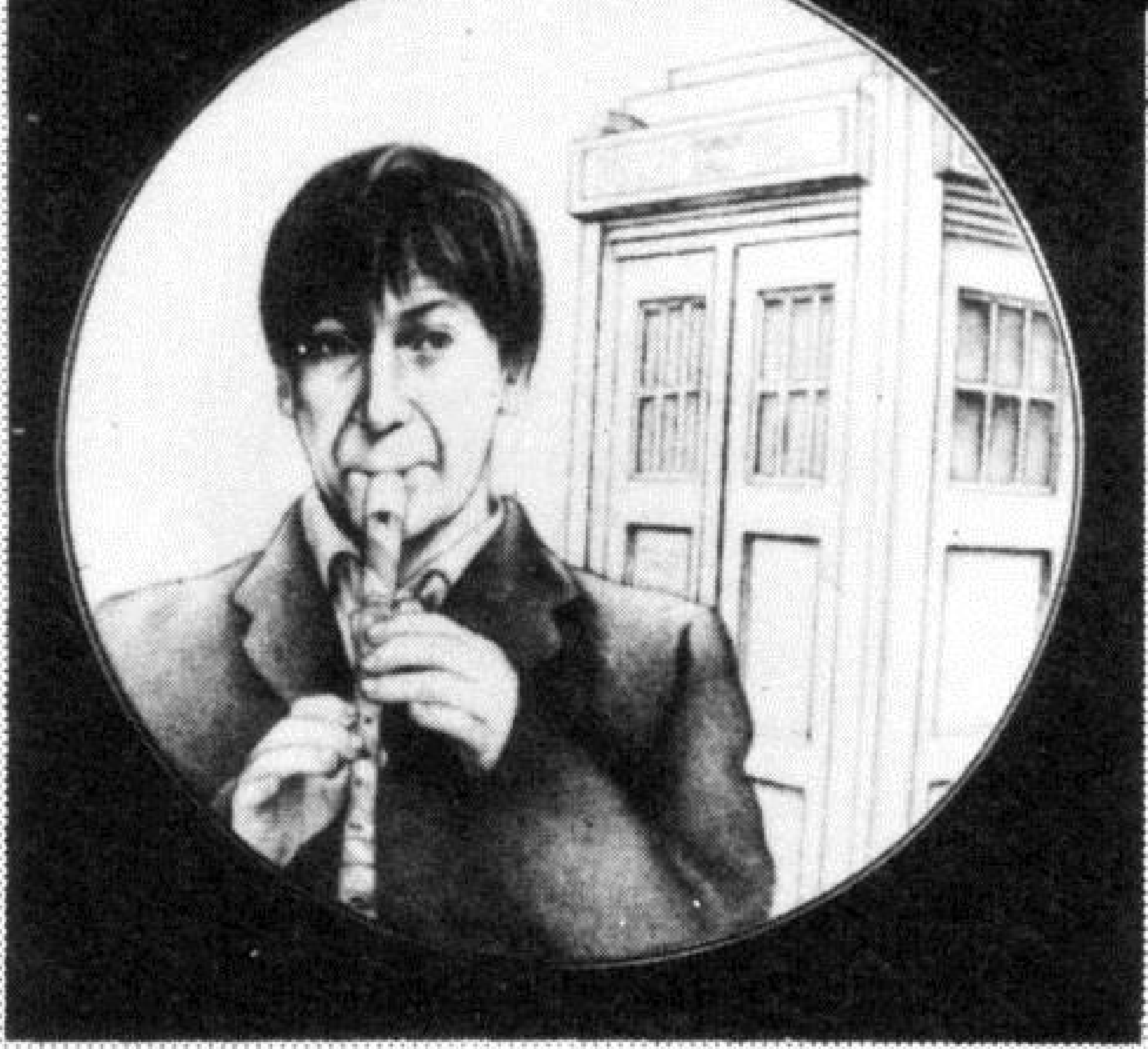

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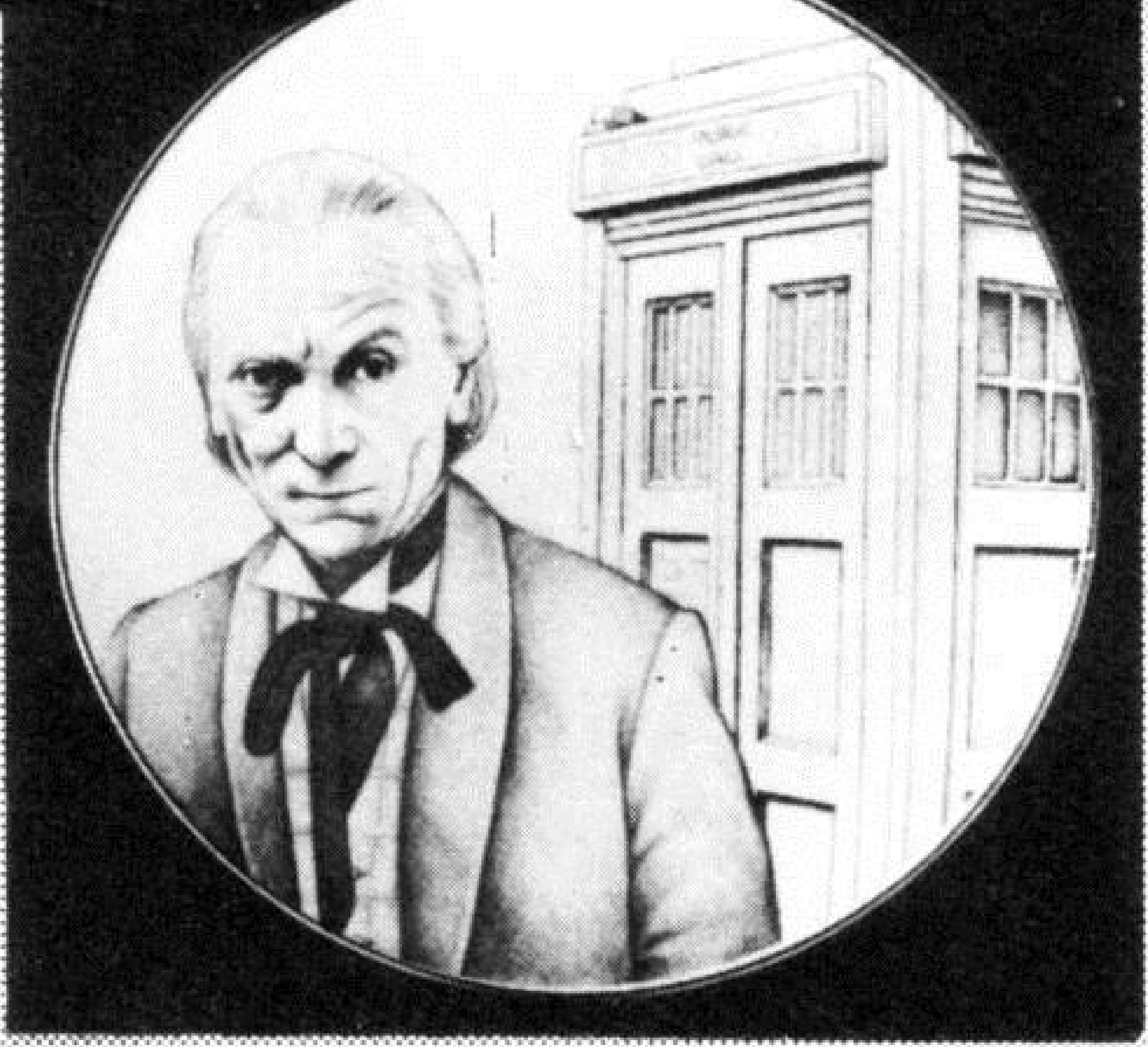

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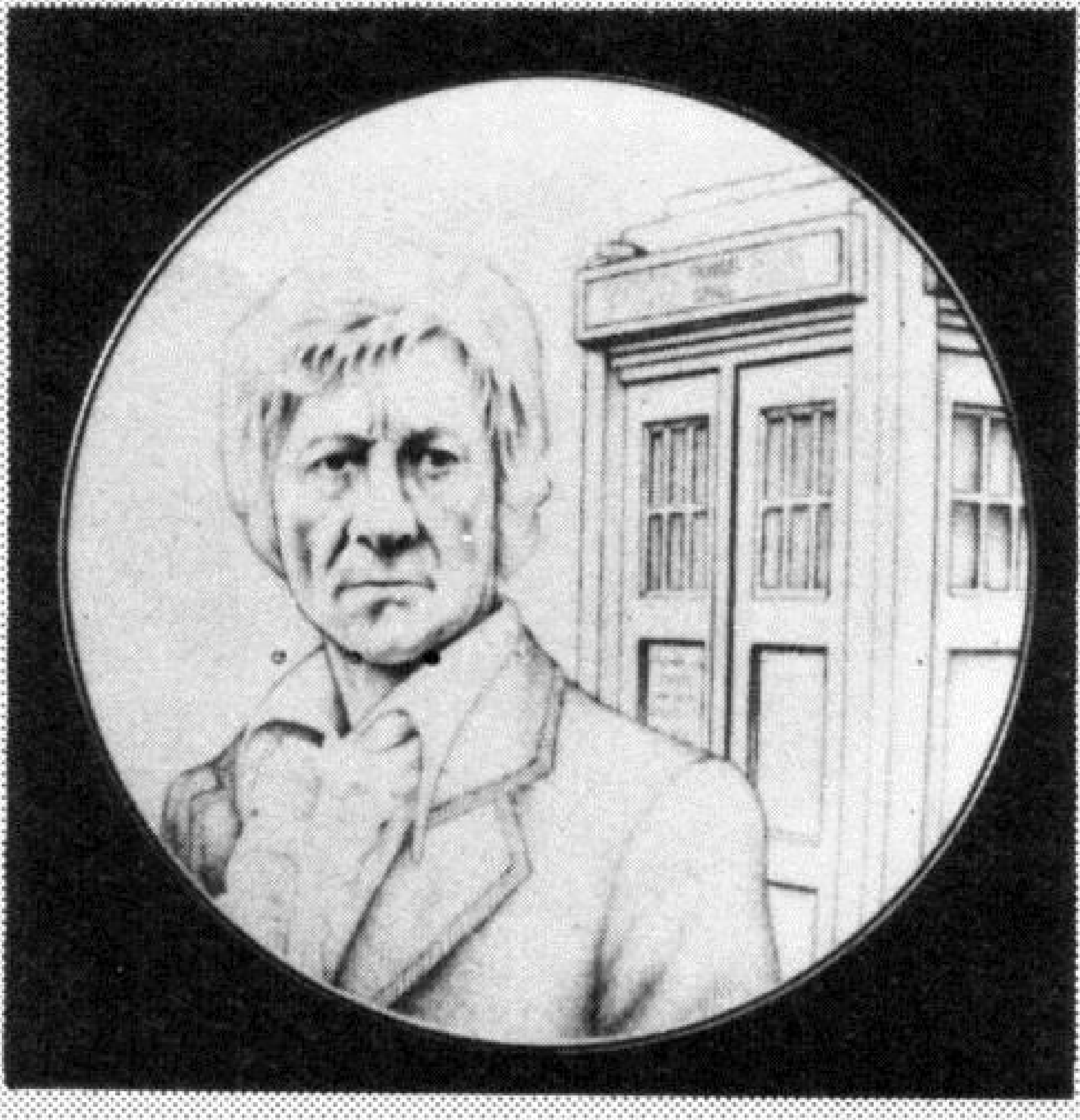

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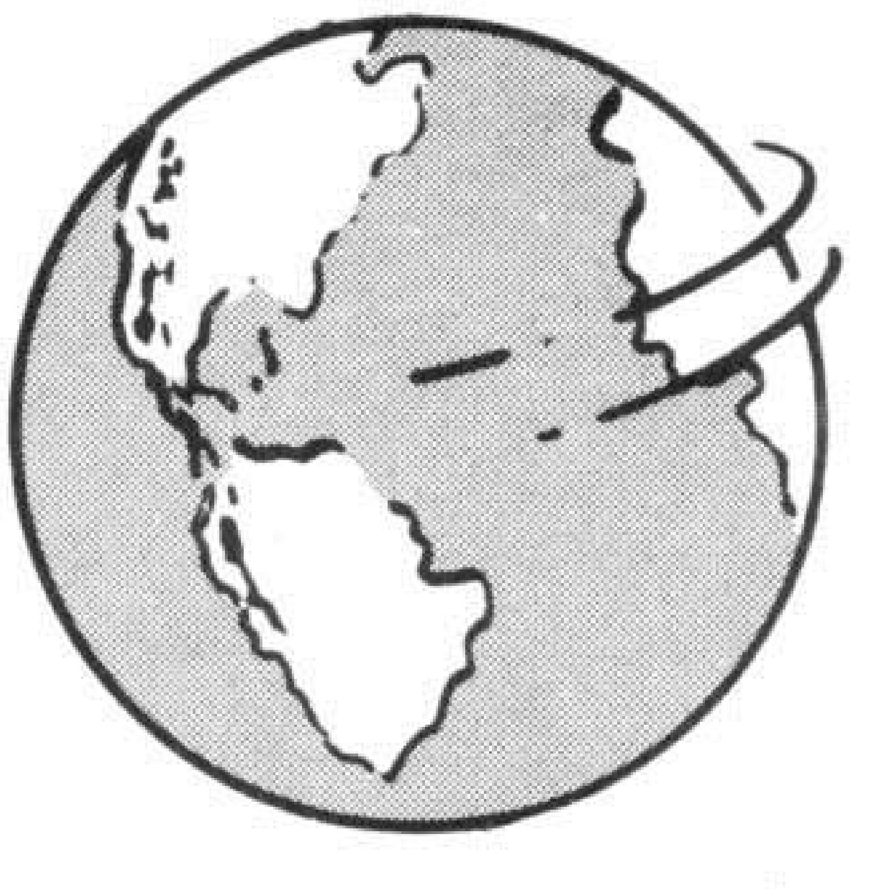


The first *Gallifrey Guardian* in its new worldwide 'round-robin' coverage hails from the land of many channels and cable confusion, the United States. *John Peel* reports on the distinctly different attitudes to programming *Doctor Who* adopted by local television stations.

One of the interesting things about American television is the selection you can get. Here in New York, I can get a total of 22 channels, most of which are commercial stations. Some are Public Broadcasting Stations, run like the BBC, without commercials. It is to these PBS stations that *Doctor Who* has been sold, and each can show it as they wish. However, not every area has bought it.

•

So, if you live in New York, you can see adventures on Channel 21 starting with *Robot* and running through to *The Caves Of Androzani* (all this station has bought so far), the good news being that they are run *every* night. It's taken the station just over a year to feature all those episodes, and they are now starting again. Then, on Channel 50, the show is run once a week, but with a complete adventure each Saturday night.

•

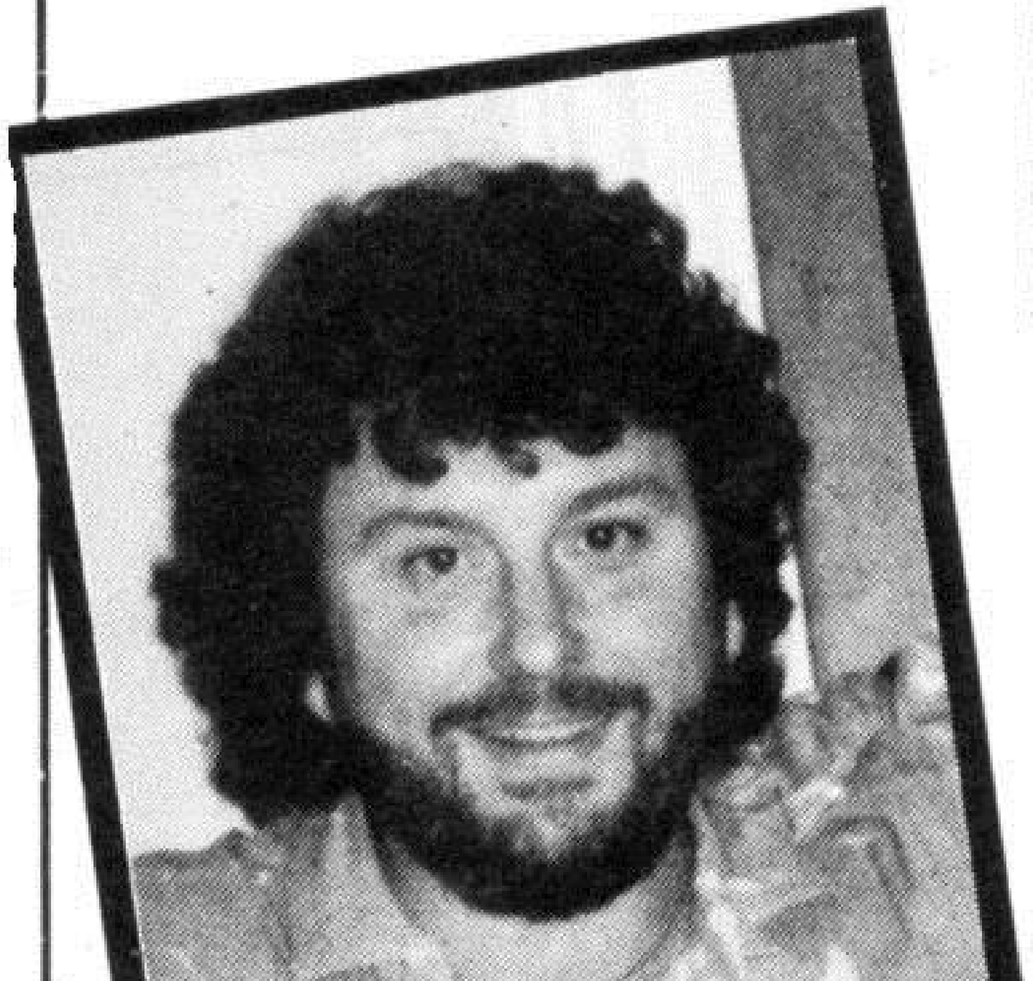
Yet in some areas the series isn't being shown at all – Los Angeles, for example, doesn't get *Doctor Who*. It might sound like a strange system, but remember that this is a very large country, with many, many different TV stations.

In New York, the Tom Baker stories from *Robot* to *Invasion Of Time* have been shown on a commercial channel from about 1978, but with (ugh!) voice overs to 'explain' matters to the American audience. Thankfully, the new purchase is in the original version, without Howard da Silva telling us the whole plot before they show the story. We manage to find ourselves in a 'time loop', with episodes being shown continually, until they all paled a little after the seventh or eighth repeat. However, the Davison stories were a novelty, and managed to build up a tremendous and loyal audience here.

•

□ STOP PRESS

Some last-minute news from home is that negotiations have begun with the BBC about the possibility of a documentary about *Doctor Who* being made by a college-based film-making group. The project has the backing of John Nathan-Turner, and although nothing has been finalised, there seems to be optimism about its success.



The documentary intends to look at the last seven years of the series and has the working title of *Doctor Who – Splendid Chap All Of Them*. It will be different to anything produced for the series before, as it will include 'home-made' video and cinematic footage of events like the 1984 Kenilworth Agricultural Show, and excerpts from programmes such as *Who's Doctor Who*. ✶

FRANKLIN BOWS DOWN

News has reached us of the formation of a Richard Franklin fan club, going by the somewhat unusual name of Franklin's Bow Wows. Initiated at the recent TARDIS 21 convention in Chicago, the club will aim to hold regular gatherings of its own in aid of charity. The first event planned will take place from noon until midnight on Saturday June 29th, and will consist of a journey via boat on the Thames, with Richard Franklin presiding over an interview and autograph session, *Doctor Who* story competitions, *Doctor Who* episodes on video, a live band and a communal picnic. With tickets priced at £15 all proceeds will go to Ethiopia and although it is now too late to register for the day, details of similar future events can be obtained by writing to:

R. S. Lesher - Beauchamp, President, Franklin's Bow Wows, Hepple House, Middleham; near Leyburn, North Yorkshire OL8 4NR, England. ✶

▪FROM THE ARCHIVES

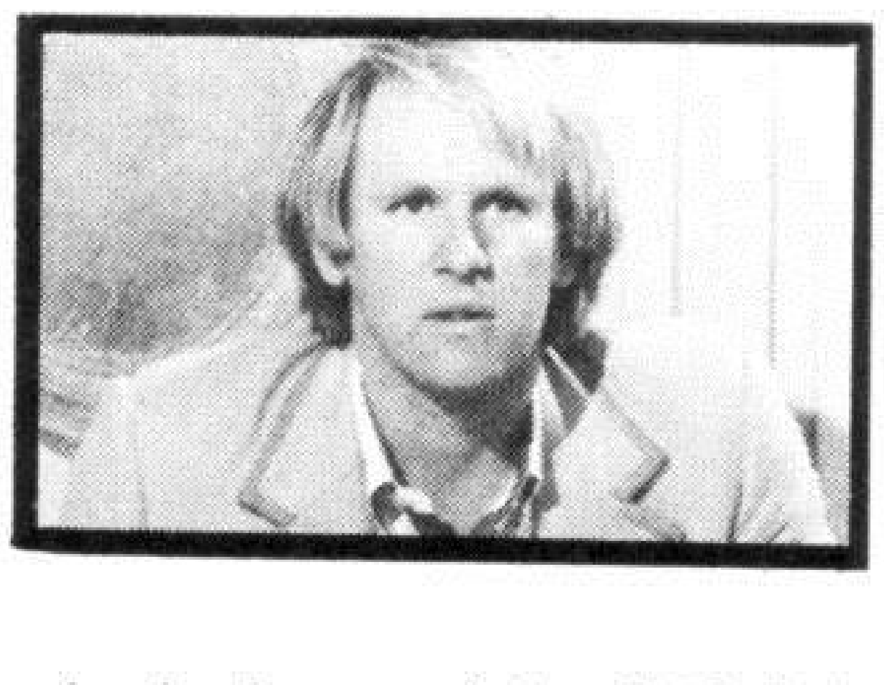
The latest news on the batch of nine returned episodes is that they've all been inspected, and where necessary cleaned up, and are now safely interred at the BBC's Brentford library. Episodes One to Three of *The Reign of Terror* are said to be in extremely good condition, possibly the best of all those episodes so far returned. After viewing *The War Machines* it was discovered that episode two had been cut, presumably by the Nigerian television authorities. Happily this episode was already stored by the BBC complete, and thus able to fill in the gaps evident in the Nigerian copy. As to future returns, William Hartnell stories still stand more chance of discovery than poor old Patrick Troughton's, because Hartnell's episodes were sold abroad in greater quantities than those of his successor.

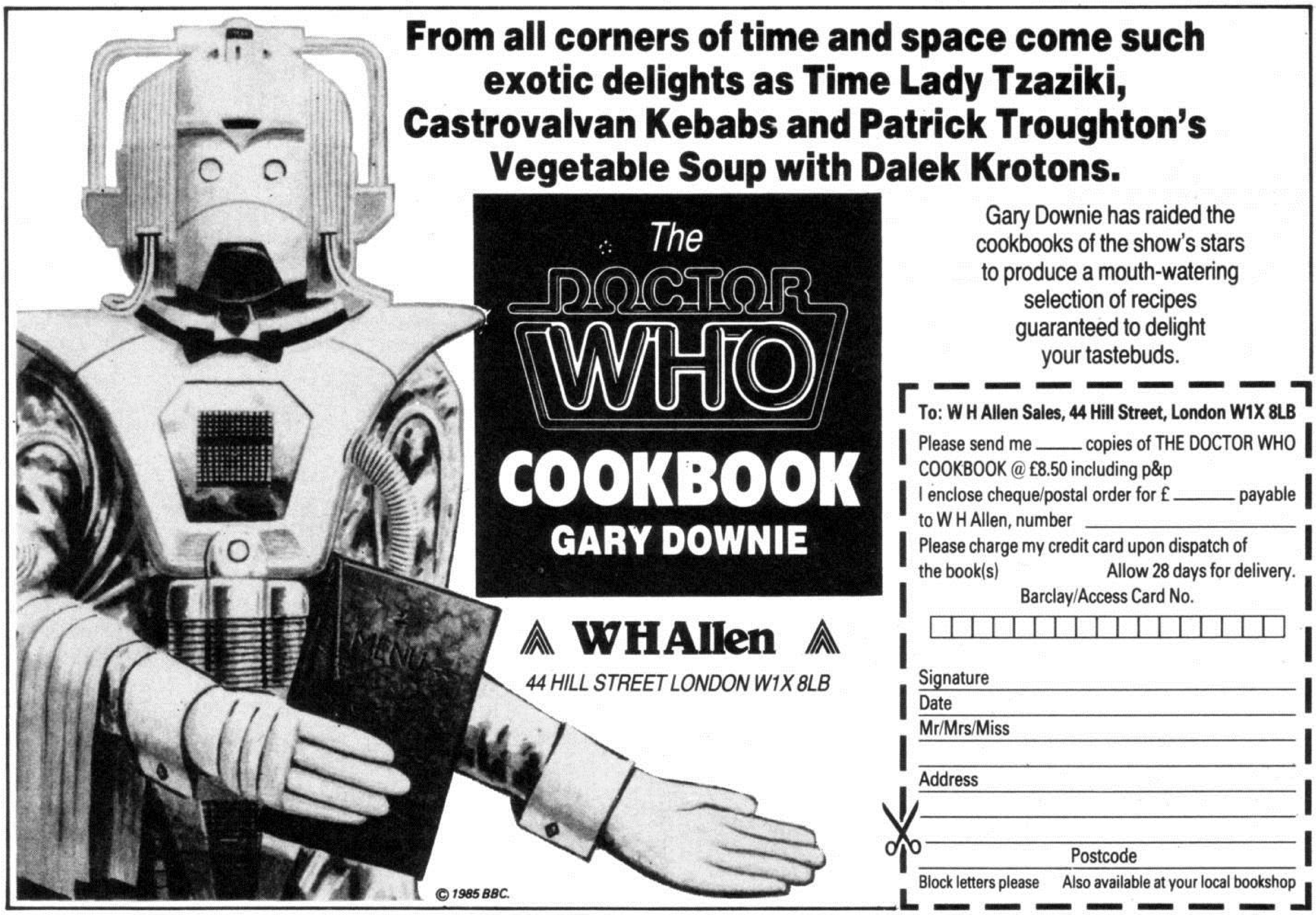
One problem that remains unsolved for the BBC's archives is one of money. It is very costly to ship episodes from abroad and then to have them inspected by engineers and, if necessary, treated. Recently it has not only been *Doctor Who* that has come back from foreign shores – a 1967 colour version of *Vanity Fair*, about 20 episodes of the early seventies *Doomwatch* and a 1966 *Not Only But Also* Christmas special have all been recovered. ✶

ANXIOUS APOLOGIES

When the local channel made a mistake recently, response was swift from the viewers. The channel showed the first episode of *Arc Of Infinity* one evening, and then the next they showed episode one of *Snakedance*. The third evening, after showing episode two of *Snakedance*, a very nervous station manager came on and apologised for the mix-up, explaining that for some reason the last three episodes of *Arc Of Infinity* were not sent to them in the package, but that they were working it out. They had had quite a flood of complaints.

Then when the fourth episode of *Snakedance* finished, the manager came on the air and yelled "*Doctor Who* fans, don't turn off!" He explained that because of the mix-up, they had messed up the schedule. But, to satisfy the fans, they would show another run-through of episode one of *Arc Of Infinity*, and then pick up the following evening with the rest of the run. The amazing thing is that they actually replaced their early evening news show with *Doctor Who* for that one evening! Imagine that from the BBC. ✶





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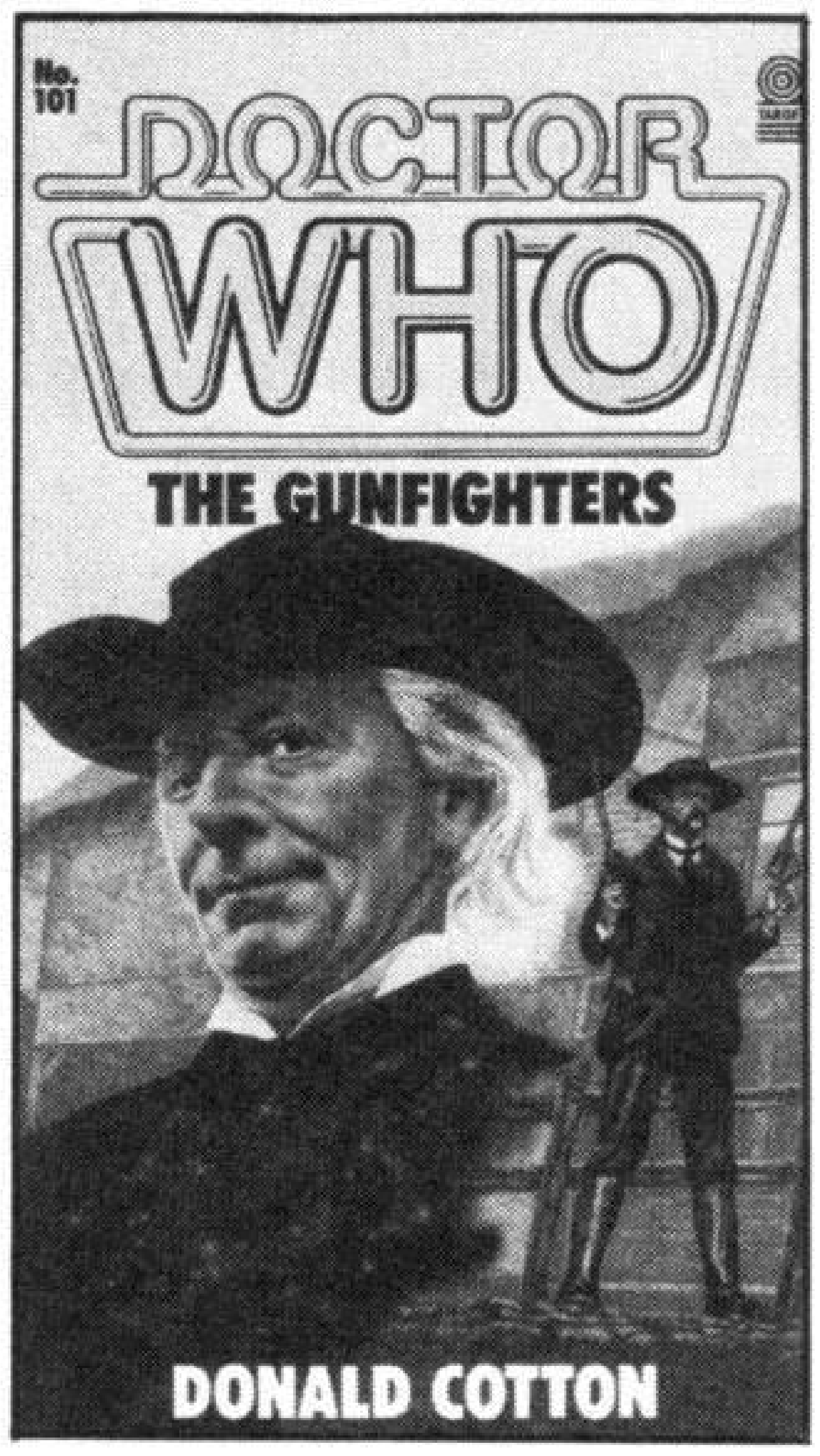
★ THE GUNFIGHTERS

Well, I guess, he says adopting the Americanisms of the book, that if you kind liked Donald Cotton's *The Myth Makers* novel then you're sure as hell gonna love this one! Seriously though, if the overt humour of that book was to your taste, then Cotton's *The Gunfighters,* based on his own 1966 screenplay, will be as appealing if not more so. The reason is that a majority of people are a little more familiar with the camp scenario of a Western than they are with Trojan history. Here, over his allotted 144 pages, the inimitable Mr Cotton takes us through every cowboy cliché in every film script you've ever seen: as illustrated above, they "mosey on down the street", they have a bar with a wimp of a barman, a glamorous singer/pianist, the local not-so-bad crook (ie, Holliday) and a bunch of rather daft hoodlums and lawmen – topped off by the archetypal evil gunslinger, who is particularly adept at his assigned job.



Similarly, and in his own whimsical way, Donald Cotton chooses to narrate *The Gunfighters* indirectly through a dying Doc Holliday and a journalist with the somewhat suspect name of Ned Buntline – whose historical importance is less than that of Homer's (Cotton's narrator in the *Myth Makers*) but equally hilarious. The cub reporter happily takes us through the lives and deaths of some of Tombstone's most notorious folk heroes – Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, the Clanton Brothers and, of course the good Doc. H. himself. Unlike his original teleplay where the 'heroes' of the piece quickly and mercilessly gun down the three Clanton brothers and Johnny Ringo, in the book Cotton sticks a little closer to historical accuracy by having only young Billy Clanton and Johnny Ringo killed, which may please the historians but actually dampens the novel's expected high climax.

"Gun-slingers who mosey down main streets are – thank God – a breed apart; and it suits them. They do not, that is to say, simply walk from point A to point B, same like you or I would do, if there was anything in it for us. No, they prefer to zig-zag about, like a graph of the trade figures in a bad month; occasionally spinning on their heels and snarling, before dropping onto their stomachs and rolling over and over to the nearest horse-trough – where they can lie, breathing deeply, until ready to proceed. It is a strange discipline they follow; and one which would likely lead to their being hauled off to the nearest laughing-academy – were it not, of course, for the fact that they are armed to the teeth, and would resent any such interference with their liberty. It's a free country, as you may have heard; and so the citizens of Tombstone were generally prepared to take the broad view, and let them get on with it. After all, it's their own clothes their ruining ain't it? And if a man can't roll in the horse-flop whenever he feels that way, what is our fair land coming to?"

Looking back about six months I remember saying that Cotton's previous novel was possibly the best book in the whole Target range, and whilst I can't exactly say that *The Gunfighters* is a better book, it certainly ranks a great deal higher than most others available on bookshop shelves at the moment. Perhaps now is the time for WH Allen to tackle some of the other comedic stories, such as Dennis Spooner's *The Romans* or *The Time Meddler* and if the original author is unable to write them, then in Donald Cotton there is a ready-made market and, quite frankly, a clever and humorous writer capable of producing highly enjoyable books. ★

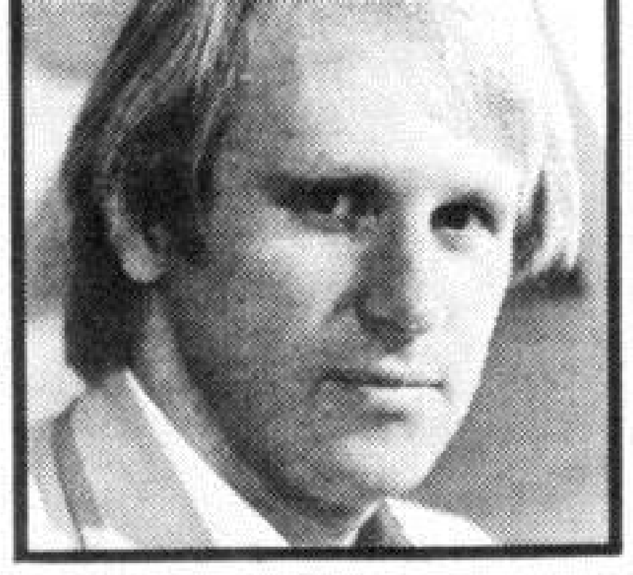
★ ★ ★ ★

WHO'S COOKING?

On an equally light note, but factually based, comes *The Doctor Who Cookbook* by the well known figure at conventions both here and in the States, Gary Downie – whose name was also connected on the production side with *Underworld, Black Orchid* and more recently *The Two Doctors.* What Downie appears to have done is to have approached every available person connected with *Doctor Who,* past and present, from Heather Hartnell, late wife of the sadly missed William, right up to John Stratton and Jacqueline Pearce of *The Two Doctors* and encompassing as many companions, Doctors and guest stars as possible.

By far the most whimsically titled recipe was Johnny Byrne's *Kipper of Traken.* Others include Nabil (Sil) Shaban's recipe for frogs legs, and a perfectly christened drink from John Nathan-Turner – *No Comment Nectar.* No one seems to have been missed out, not even the two organisers of the main *Doctor Who* fans clubs – David Saunders from Britain and Ron Katz of America. Whilst all the recipes are quite interesting, Downie's commentaries on his contributors and his recommendations for suitable beverages for particular dishes are equally entertaining. All of this is more than handsomely accompanied by the cartoons of well-known *Doctor Who* fan artist Gail Bennett, which for me, was one of the best reasons for buying the book. Additionally, in the centre pages, there are attractive colour photos of Colin Baker and Nicola Bryant cooking their dishes, Fraser Hines failing to cook his and a satisfied looking Fiona Cumming (the director of *Enlightenment*) having just finished her meal.

The only thing that lets this rather enjoyable book down is the frankly uninspired and silly cover – a nice idea poorly executed. However, apart from that, as one of those novelty books normally associated with *Star Trek* or *Battlestar Galactica,* it really is "jolly good" and much better than recent non-fiction efforts like the *Pattern Book* or *The Key To Time.* ★



ARCHIVES

FRONTI

Episode One

Far out, on a planet at the very rim of the known Universe, Captain Revere and his first officer Brazen, are conducting a rock survey in an underground mine shaft. The Captain is puzzling over the spongy nature of so much soil and stone when a sudden rock fall traps him beneath some fallen timbers. Brazen is about to send men to his aid when another tremor startles him. When the dust subsides Revere's body is gone – vanished.

A while later Brazen has begun sealing off the entrances to the mine shaft, and to the Research Room where Revere spent much of his time. His actions are protested by Doctor Range, the Chief Science Officer of the small, beleagured colony of humans on the planet. Furthermore, Range can see no reason why the long climb back to knowledge should be thwarted by the whims of Revere's son, Plantaganet, whom he describes as "distraught". But Brazen's resolve is iron, and he warns Range not to incite further desertion by speaking such treason too loudly . . .

Meanwhile the TARDIS makes an unscheduled arrival on this world, Frontios, when it apparently gets caught up in the planet's immense gravitational pull. Materialising in the midst of a heavy meteor bombardment, the time travellers rush to help the beleagured human colonists. The doctor and his companions learn that the technology of the colony is almost non-existent, thanks to the crash of the colonists' spaceship forty years ago, which left them almost without resources. Range welcomes the Doctor's aid, while Turlough and Tegan are befriended by Range's daughter, Norna. Plantaganet and Brazen, however, fear the long-awaited invasion of Frontios has finally begun.

As they patch up the survivors of this latest in the ever-more-frequent pattern of meteor storms, Range tells the Doctor their history. For ten years they had clear skies; then the storms began. But who their enemy is remains unknown.

The primitive resources in the hospital area prompt Norna to remember an acid jar in the sealed-off Research Room, which would generate enough electricity to power a reasonable lighting system. With Turlough and Tegan's help they manage to get in and out of the room with the jar, just as another meteor bombardment begins.

Leaving Norna to get the jar to Range, the Doctor tells his companions it is time they were leaving Frontios. Things are starting to become too dangerous for them. The three take shelter for a time, until the storm clears, and then make a dash for the TARDIS. But they find the ship gone, the solitary hat-stand from the control room pointing to one conclusion. The TARDIS has been destroyed.

Episode Two

Stunned by their loss, the Doctor, Turlough and Tegan make no attempt to escape when Plantaganet surrounds them with an execution squad.

Norna's pleas that the Doctor might know the attraction of Frontios to an invader fall on deaf ears. Turlough wins a stay of execution by an almighty bluff, holding the colonists at bay with a fiendishly designed weapon – the hat-stand.

Seizing this opportunity the Doctor demands access to the sealed off Research Room so that he might confirm a few theories about why Frontios is the target of so frequent and so heavy meteor attacks. Reluctantly Brazen and Plantaganet agree. But as they enter the room, Plantaganet falls victim to a sudden heart attack, which almost costs him his life. The Doctor wins a grudging ally in Brazen when he helps save the young leader's life.

Assisting with the investigation Tegan finds a large list of "Deaths Unaccountable" among

First Officer Brazen (Peter Gilmore) senses the gravity of the situation after being left in command of the colony outpost of Frontios.

IOS

Range's files – a discovery she is told to forget by the Science Officer, although rashly later she lets the information slip to Brazen.

Turlough is intrigued by Norna's cryptic memory about the earth being "hungry". The answer must be underground, he surmises, and very soon he finds the sealed-up entrance to Revere's mine shaft, and sets of with Norna to explore the mine.

Whilst convalescing, Plantaganet is the next colonist to vanish, being literally pulled into the ground by a tremendous surge of gravity.

Range and the Doctor come across the hatchway to the mine workings uncovered by Turlough. Concerned by Range's warning of dangers below the Doctor goes in search of his friends.

He does find Turlough, almost scared out of his wits by the on-rush of a race memory about Tractators. Telling Range to stay with Turlough the Doctor sets off to rescue Norna.

Eventually he locates the girl, suspended in a force field by a whole nest of Tractators. When he sees Tegan fleeing from Brazen down a tunnel, he lets out an instinctive warning. Instantly a Tractator spins round and pinions the Doctor in a gravity field of tremendous power.

Episode Three

Perched behind a rock Tegan watches as the Doctor is lined up next to Norna. Fearful of his safety she tosses the phospher lamp she is carrying into their midst. As the lamp shatters the blinding flare panics the centipede-like creatures, allowing the two prisoners to escape. But the Tractators soon re-group. A grim game of pursuit develops as the five members of the Doctor's party seek ways back to the surface, only to find their paths blocked by the roaming monsters.

Recovering his wits Turlough recounts ancestral memories of the Tractators from a time when they almost over ran his own planet.

On the surface Brazen has established full martial law in an attempt to stem the rising tide of insurrection which started after the rumours that Plantaganet was dead. He arrests one of his own orderlies blatantly stealing food from Plantaganet's own kitchens. The orderly, Cockerill, is unrepentant. "It's all over now" he says. Brazen hands him back the food contemptuously and tells him to begone from the colony. But as Cockerill flees he is set upon by other Retrogressives who plunder his supplies and leave him unconscious on the ground. Beneath him the ground begins to swell and shift . . .

Range and Norna discover a map in Captain Revere's own hand, convincing the former of a great connection between this and all the "Deaths Unaccounted" in the colony. But when they and Turlough finally get back to the hatchway, they find Brazen waiting to arrest them, and lead them off for trial on sedition charges.

Fleeing from the Tractators the Doctor and Tegan come upon a pair of the creatures at work pulling another human from the surface. They create a distraction long enough to enable the victim to escape. However, the victim turns out to be Cockerill, and when the Retrogressives witness him "released by the earth" they are convinced he is a man of supreme power – a leader . . .

Range's trial proves a fiasco. Aided by Turlough's graphic recollections, Brazen's motivations shift from prosecution to a genuine desire to learn more. Perhaps, he admits, it is time to talk of "the hungry ground". A sortie will be made, but first Brazen and Range will reconnoitre alone.

The Gravis, leader and principle intelligence of the Tractators, wants the Doctor brought to him. He has had Plantaganet imprisoned in a circular cage while he gloatingly tells him of the years the Tractators spent "building their slave colony, that has and will supply their needs until the time is ready".

Still unable to reach the surface the Doctor and Tegan venture down one of the smoother tunnels when they hear the sound of approaching machinery. Thinking that the walls look artificial rather than natural, the Doctor suspects some kind of excavating machine. However, even he is unprepared for the grisly sight awaiting him. A machine is indeed cutting and polishing the tunnels, but its power is derived from a human mind. Enmeshed in the front of the machine is the withered head of Captain Revere.

Episode Four

Aghast at this gruesome sight the Doctor and Tegan are caught unawares by the Gravis.

With Range and Brazen away from their posts the colony is caught off balance by the speed and precision of the attack mounted against it by the Retrogressives. Inspired by Cockerill's leadership, the rag-tag army gains entry to the crashed spaceship, easily overcoming the surprised guards.

Stealing through the caves Brazen and Range, joined by a now recovered Turlough, find, and free, Plantaganet. They, in turn, locate the excavating machine and begin struggling to release what is left of Captain Revere. The rescue partially succeeds. Revere's cadaver is hauled from the machine, but, with a life of its own, the machine stretches out and entwines Brazen. The machine has a new "driver" . . .

Turlough remembers an important fact. It is the Gravis which is the intelligence behind the Tractators. Without its mind and power the others are harmless.

The Doctor is still a prisoner of the Gravis, but even here he has managed to turn it to his advantage. Through cunning conversation the Doctor has won an admission from the Gravis that what it wants is a gravity power source. The smooth, ringed tunnel formation will soon provide that, and the Gravis will have an enormously powerful motor to move Frontios through the cosmos and suck dry new worlds.

In the confusion surrounding Brazen's rescue bid, Turlough manages to free the Doctor and Tegan, and they once more take to the tunnels, hotly pursued by the Gravis. Incredibly they come upon bits of the TARDIS, all melded into the rock formation. The Doctor has an idea . . .

Range gets back to the Colony and warns both Cockerill and Norna of their discoveries. The truth is out at last, and there need be no more divisions maong the population of Frontios.

Pretending to surrender, the Doctor invites the Gravis "aboard" what remains of the TARDIS. The creature is entranced by the gleaming sight of the console room and immediately desires it as a means to making inter-galactic travel easier. But to achieve that the ship must be whole, hints the Doctor. Using all its power the Gravis gravitationally pulls the ship back together. However, the effort proves too much, and the creature goes dormant. It will now be a simple matter to transport it to a totally deserted planet, where it can do no harm.

With the other Tractators now docile the threat is ended, and with Plantagenet restored as ruler the Doctor predicts a bright future for Frontios. Not so for he, Tegan and Turlough, though. For, as the TARDIS dematerialises, a surge of energy begins dragging it rapidly towards the centre of the Universe . . . ■

FACT FILE

FRONTIOS

Former script editor Christopher H. Bidmead's third contribution to *Doctor Who, Frontios*, was recorded entirely in the studio during late August and early September 1983. Commissioned after a series of discussions with Bidmead's successor, Eric Saward, the televised version saw one of the author's more interesting ideas dropped because of the persistent time and money problems. Director Ron Jones takes up the story: "In the original script Chris had written the Gravis should have had a voice translator constantly hovering by his side, enabling him to be understood by the humans. It was a wonderful idea, a solution to the perennial problem of explaining how it is that all our monsters speak good English. However, it was also a tremendous limitation in that we could have got the effect using CSO, but it would have taken a lot of time and effort for comparitively little return. It was nice but it added nothing to the plot and was something of a handicap and far as the direction went. It would have produced an unwelcome third prescence in dialogue scenes, for instance those between the Doctor and the Gravis."

The new monsters, the Tractators, were designed to be based on wood lice, and the initial concept was for them to curl around their victims. To this end, dancers were employed to play the creatures. However, after trying the costumes on, it was discovered that they were too rigid to provide the flexibility of movement needed to curl. The costumes themselves were so hot to wear, especially in summer, that air pipes were kept on hand to be fed inside to help the actors with their breathing. With their vision also limited, help was needed to guide the Tractators across the studio floor.

The leader of the Tractators was played by John Gillet, an actor chosen for the job after Ron Jones had worked with him on an episode of *Bergerac*, where he had occasion to admire Gillet's voice. The voice was slightly treated in post-production to give it a more resonant quality, while the pink glow seen when the Tractators surrounded their victims was added at the same time. Costume designer was Anushia Nieradzik, recently returned for *Attack of the Cybermen*, and responsible for the uniform look of the story. The Federation helmets from *Blake's Seven* were only used because nobody realised until too late that they hailed from that programme.

Designer David Buckingham provided the excellent sets, including the tunnels with their reflective surfaces. These were made out of huge sheets of buckled plastic, set at different angles, coloured and finally lit from behind. For scenes requiring characters to be pulled along tunnel corridors off screen, studio hands helped achieve the illusion. Where people had to be seen descending into the earth, the actors concerned would lie in a deep tray of cork filings and work themselves into it. From this, an electronic video 'wipe' would be added to make it seem as if the person had shimmered away altogether, as the picture gradually dissolved.

A special machine was used to project the 'rocks' seen to bombard the colonists, hurling them out from off screen. The 'rocks' were actually made of jabolite, and as such were very light. To realise the shot where acid is seen to drip on the floor and burn the surface, a small table top was painted with the floor pattern and corrosive was dropped on to it. This was later inserted into the scenes shot on the main set. Colour separation overlay was used to show the TARDIS reassembling itself in episode four, as well as being the basis for the matte shots of the sky over the colony and the interior of the colony ship. Even so, these were slightly toned down from the vast scale which Bidmead had originally had in mind.

"DREADFUL TRAGEDY"

The cast included ex-*Onedin Line* star Peter Gilmore as Brazen, ex-*Angel* and well known actress Lesley Dunlop as Norna, while sometime *Billy Liar* lead Jeff Rawle played the hapless Plantagenet. However, it was to be the casting of an actor sadly never destined to record the role that made *Doctor Who* tragic front page news. Director Ron Jones asked prolific television and film actor Peter Arne to appear as Doctor Range and then, just after he had had his costume fitting, he was murdered in a case which left everyone sad and stunned:

"I remember waking up one morning, turning on the radio and lying there when the news came over the air. At first I just couldn't believe it – I thought I was simply so wrapped up with the story I'd heard it incorrectly. When it was confirmed we were all shocked and deeply affected but we had to go on. That was what Peter would have wanted, because he was always so professional. All the same it was a dreadful tragedy."

At the last minute experienced character actor William Lucas, best known for his popular role in the *Black Beauty* series, stepped in and took over the part.

The excavating machine was slightly toned down before it reached the screen. Shots were actually recorded which featured limbs attached to the side of the machine, which were designed to smooth the sides of the tunnel walls. These were deemed just a bit too gruesome, although Bidmead retained them in his Target novelisation, in addition to a few short scenes cut due to the episodes being just overlength. For the TARDIS scenes two main visual effects were called for – first a locked off shot for the scanner screen to add the picture of the planet, and at the end of the episode camera shake to simulate the Dalek time corridor.

ATMOSPHERIC LIGHTING

The lighting of the story was carefully planned to be as atmospheric as possible, as Ron Jones testifies: "I was pleased with the visual look of the story, especially with those reflective walls and with the lighting which was designed to be moody. I directed *Frontios* as far as possible to parallel the most immediate impression that the script made on me, which was a feeling of claustrophobia".

Incidental music was composed by the freelance talents of Paddy Kingsland, who came up with his usual varied thematic score, including a particularly haunting pipe theme for Norna. Visual effects designer was Dave Havard, while the video effects were handled by Dave Chapman. Make-up was under the supervision of Jill Hagger. *Frontios* also boasted an unusually large number of extras and walk ons, including Michael Jeffries – one of Lytton's policemen, and Fernand Monast who appeared in *The Two Doctors*.

Overall a story of great suspense and imagination, *Frontios* earned the extraordinary distinction of gaining both the lowest and highest ratings of the season for two of its four episodes – with the audience increasing rather than decreasing – a sure sign of success.

Richard Marson

Retrospective

Above: *Peri in Peril! At the hands of the hungry Shockeye.* Right: *Kate O'Mara as the villainous Rani.*

The Two Doctors *and* **The Mark of the Rani** *continued the new season's investigations into the* **Doctor Who** *mythos, introducing new characters and presenting insights into some past ones.* **Gary Russell** *looks at the plusses and pitfalls of this approach.*

In the wake of Michael Grade's decision to postpone the making and transmission of the next season of *Doctor Who,* many journalists tried, once the hysteria had calmed somewhat, to find out why the ratings for the series were apparently so low after the initial nine million that greeted *Attack of the Cybermen.* Trade papers such as *Broadcast* and *Television Today* simply wrote it off as being one of those things that happens to old TV shows, the latter positively revelling in the news, saying that this time they supported the argument that the show was "over the hill", and the Controller of BBC 1 had every right to remove it. James Murray in the *Daily Express* took a far more sensible look though, drawing attention to the old bugbear of horror and violence, and quite understandable, conceding that the series was becoming excessive in its presentation of the aforementioned bogies and basically that *The Two Doctors* was "sick".

UNNECESSARY SADISM

Indeed, much of the emphasis on cannibalism in the programme *was* unnecessary. It didn't take the audience too long to realise exactly what an Androgum had on its mind a great deal of the time – its stomach. By episode two we had seen a rather frail, blind old lady chopped down and, presumably, eaten despite her brittle bones. So, when Shockeye happily munches the head off a living rat, it was understandable that Auntie Beeb received its faire share of calls complaining about the explicitness of that scene, which was totally unimportant to both plot and characterisation. Sadly it was this general lack of taste (no pun intended) that lowered the tone of an otherwise excellent three-part story.

From the outset, the story showed a great deal of promise. Director Peter Moffatt, whilst not in the Graeme Harper class of directors, is still better than most and he had the added bonus of exotic Spanish locations to enhance the production. Then there was the delightful script from Robert Holmes, and actors of such class as John Stratton, Laurence Payne and Jacqueline Pearce. On top of this we were treated to the return of Patrick Troughton and Fraser Hines, although the latter seemed to have forgotten how to play Jamie, and made the character a little too clever. What could go wrong? Well, apart from the tackiness of the Androgum's cannibalism, not a lot.

The Doctor's return was skilfully handled – no *Three* or *Five Doctors* time meddling here – with a simple crossing of paths in space and time. And the scene's black and white presentation, complete with the original TARDIS console, was an unexpected bonus. Patrick Troughton looked a little greyer on top, but just as sharp inside, with his piercing blue-grey eyes commanding attention whenever he was on screen, especially when under the heavy Androgum make-up in the final part. Although the death of James Saxon's entertainingly over-the-top Oscar Botherby was rather pointless, that whole restaurant segment was evidently the climax of the story, full of wit and depth of (bizarre) character that always made stories like *Talons of Weng-Chiang* and *Carnival of Monsters,* earlier Holmes tales, so popular.

In fact so much of *The Two Doctors* was over-the-top (especially Shockeye), that it all fell perfectly into place, and the scenes at the Hacienda afterwards seemed more of an epilogue than finale. Nevertheless the chase between Shockeye and the wounded Doctor was terrific, as was the shot of Chessene, with her Androgum instincts at fever pitch lapping up the Doctor's blood. Scenes such as this, where three-dimensional characters are given the opportunity to come alive, are very few and far between in *Doctor Who* today, and it made a refreshing change to witness the actions of people in a story that you could actually believe, and cause you to wonder "what *will* happen now" as opposed to "oh, now I bet the next thing they do is . . ."

One very major thing that *The Two Doctors* proved was that, despite suggestions by such luminaries as John Nathan-Turner and Terrance Dicks that four-part stories are the best medium for *Doctor Who,* a well-written and constructed six-part story still has a very important part to play in the show, giving time for characters and situations to develop and actually make a story. Maybe with the twenty-third season now confirmed as being 25 minute long episodes again, let us hope that we may again see at least one, if not two, six-part stories per season. This ridiculous lack of flexibility in story length so often kills a story that would benefit from progressing at a more measure pace (*Attack of the Cybermen* had enough material for five 25 minute episodes for instance, whereas last year's *Planet of Fire* could have been better with 25 minutes less than it had). Maybe one day we'll have seasons similar to the old Troughton ones consisting of a four-part story, maybe followed by a five parter, then a four parter, then a six parter, and so on. So many writers are forced to hurry their stories along or pad them out to fit into a four-part schedule, that they turn out less successful than they might have otherwise been.

One other important aspect of the *Two Doctors* was the return of the

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Sontarans, once again in the capable hands of their creator, Robert Holmes. And, as is his right, he totally shattered our preconceived ideas of this race. Gone was the clone ridden, unstoppable warlike killers. Instead we were introduced to military minded but intelligent creatures, capable of conversation as well as murder, which seemed to make them a far more believable race than many others we have met. It does seem unlikely that a species whose vocabulary consisted only of "kill or be killed" could survive as long as the Sontarans have against the much more reasonable Rutans. Up until we met Stike, the Doctor has always placed his money on the Rutans winning, but now it doesn't seem too sure. Perhaps the breeding colonies have decided to inject some personality into their higher ranking officers (Stike was a Group Marshal, the highest ranking Sontaran we've ever met) and a good thing too. Perhaps we won't have to wait quite so long for a rematch, with Holmes back in the regular writing team. How about a story actually involving the eternal war with the Rutans, where we can see the two races face to face as it were (alright, so Rutans don't actually have faces but the idea is there!)

THE MARK OF O'MARA

Well, if *The Two Doctors* reintroduced an old enemy, Pip and Jane Baker's *Mark of the Rani* brought to light a new and startingly original one. Whereas outshining Anthony Ainley's melodramatic Master isn't that difficult, to actually carry an entire show from start to finish and make a viewer sit up and say "Yes, more please" is no mean feat. Kate O'Mara as the exiled female Time Lord with an over hungry cat and peculiar fetishes for half-grown foetus dinosaurs was so terrific as The Rani that the actual story of the alien influenced Luddite attacks on Lord Ravensworth's mine seemed totally incidental. It has been a long time since a single character has had a whole story created just to introduce them, but *Mark of the Rani* carried off this job very successfully indeed, and proved quite exciting as well. Maybe the first episode tended to wander in various directions, but the second was superbly paced and, despite the problems faced by the production team in making the show, the whole thing shines out as an example of both *Doctor Who* and BBC drama at its best. Possibly, this, plus the lack of unwarranted gore and sadism, would account for the rise of nearly one million viewers between episodes one and two.

It is gratifying to know that, although facing a rapidly growing dinosaur, according to Producer John Nathan-Turner, the Rani will hopefully remerge in the not too distant future. (The fact that the BBC has kept in storage the Rani's excellent TARDIS console gives further credence to this hope). However, what ought to be remembered is that the Master, who can change bodies as often as required, the Rani *is* Kate O'Mara's creation, and to keep changing actress would result in a situation as ridiculous as that of ex-President Borusa, never played twice by the same actor and therefore fairly transparent as far as character goes.

The Mark of the Rani was quite a novel story in other ways. Although pseudo-historicals are nothing new (everything from *The Time Meddler* down to *The King's Demons* has featured Earth history being affected by alien influence), this story at least had the outside influence actually affecting the future development of mankind (the Rani caused the American Civil war amongst other things). And although neither the Rani nor the Doctor actually influenced George Stephenson's creations, there is little doubt that their presence furthered his ideas.

The return of the Master unfortunately seemed to overcrowd the plot a little, and the acting of the everpresent Mr Ainley didn't exactly increase his popularity. (How long will we wait before he starts tying Ms Peri Brown to railway lines and twiddles waxed moustaches before dashing into a fog with an evil Victorian laugh?) Nevertheless, he ably supported the Rani, and gave her a compatriot to talk to – rather as the Doctor has Peri. It just seemed a little odd that the new villain should have to use the old as a brickbat. In light of his recent appearance maybe the Master would have been best laid to rest in Sarn's numismaton gases last year.

All in all though, *The Mark of the Rani* was a highly enjoyable and original two-part story and a credit not only to newcomers Pip and Jane Baker, but also to the new director Sarah Hellings, and of course the new villainess the Rani. Finally just a small congratulatory note to composer Jonathan Gibbs for his dramatic incidental music. ■

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MATRIX Dåtabånk

"NOT THE TISSUE COMPRESSION ELIMINATOR!"

Nicholas Goodman of Salisbury in Wiltshire asks about the Master and his ever popular weapon. Nick wonders whether the Tissue Compression Eliminator (TCE for short – no pun intended) that Anthony Ainley uses now has always been the same since *Terror of the Autons* when the gun first appeared, way back in the third Doctor's era. Strangely enough, Nick, the gun, which really ought to be called a Matter Condenser, which it used to be, is essentially the same. The Master first used it on Goodge when the unfortunate technician was eating hard boiled eggs (which strangely enough didn't shrink) and produced a black rod which, when the end was pressed, opened petal-like at the front and glowed. Anyone who remembers *Mark of the Rani* will recall that that is an almost identical description of the version used by the Master in that story. The difference is that the Master just seems to press the top, not the end, and the current model has a bulbous end that the original didn't. Interestingly enough, the gun was also used in *The Deadly Assassin* when Peter Pratt played the Master. However, in that Tom Baker story, the gun itself was always fired off-screen and never seen. ✶

THE TWO JAMIES

In the wake of **The Doctor Who Magazine's** recent interview with Fraser (Jamie) Hines, and the mention in *Matrix Data Bank* that Jamie had been played by two actors, reader David Bayles of Havant in Hampshire asks where the elusive Hamish Wilson fits into the picture. He wonders if Hamish played Jamie in the *Highlanders* story and was changed to Fraser when the role became a companion. No, David, actually the change occurs for a couple of episodes during the course of *The Mind Robber,* when the Doctor puts together a jigsaw of Jamie and puts the wrong face on it. For the full story just wait until Peter Ling's novelisation of the story which occurs sometime during 1986.

APOLOGIES

Another mistake or two has been pointed out by reader Daniel Blythe of Smarden in Kent. Firstly he says I missed out *Destiny of the Daleks* from my list of Roy Skelton's voice credits in issue 97 (true – apologies), and in the same issue omitted to mention that Sarah Jane Smith appeared on the book cover for *The Seeds of Doom* (more apologies), drawn by Chris Achellios (and for those who have asked – yes, before too long I hope to compile a list of all *Target* cover artists). Finally, Daniel digs right back to issue 87 to the list of books that have different titles from their TV counterparts. He cites *The Giant Robot* which was, of course *Robot,* and *The Daleks* which should be *The Dead Planet* – and here I am correct! Terry Nation's script is indeed called *The Daleks, The Dead Planet* is purely the sub-title for the first episode. This confusion is a hangover from the 1973 *Radio Times Dr Who Special,* when they called all the Hartnell stories by their first episode title and not story title. ✶

HIGH SPEED CUTS

Here's a technical one from Martin Sargent, and I open up the answer to the hoards of experts out there. Martin wonders how, if the video of the Peter Cushing movie of *Doctor Who and The Daleks* is supposedly uncut, the original movie runs for 85 minutes, and the video runs for a mere 78 minutes. I know that when movies are shown on TV they are screened at a rate of 25 frames per second, whereas on the cinema it is 24 frames per second, hence the apparent discrepancies between viewing time. But are videos the same, and would that account for a whole seven minutes difference? Any takers? ☆

GREMLINS AND DEMONS

Now then, now then. I imagine that a great many of you have seen the movie *Gremlins* and therefore think that such creatures are cuddly little animals with big brown eyes and generally lovable dispositions, and called Gizmo. Well, of course there are other sorts of gremlins – the sort that live at printers and change things, or omit things. These charming little mites are the sort who are responsible for *Matrix Data Bank* in issue 98 of this magazine citing *The Demons* as the original title for *The King's Demons*. This is not completely true, *both The Demons* and *A Knight's Tale* were the original working titles. ✶

THE TARGET TAGS

The Target book question this month comes from Warren Martyn of Tooting who, whilst going through his collection of books, noted that the first of them, *The Daleks* cost a mere 25p, whereas his latest, *Planet of Fire* cost £1.50. Warren wonders when exactly the various price changes occurred. So, here goes. First, take a copy of the 1984 **Doctor Who Summer Special** and look up the *Target* checklist and mark up as follows. *The Daleks* was first, at 25p. The rise to 30p came with *Day of the Daleks,* and *The Cybermen* was the first 35p novel .*The Loch Ness Monster* reared its head at 40p, and *Genesis of the Daleks* went up to 45p. Shortly after, *Carnival of Monsters* arrived at 50p, followed quickly by a 60p tag for *Ark in Space.* This was the longest-running price (a total of 15 books), until *Robots of Death* gave us 70p. A mere two books later *The War Games* checked in at 75p, and then after a while *Power of Kroll* hit the 85p mark. *The Creature From the Pit* egged itself up to 90p, and was also the only book at this price. Likewise *Enemy of the World* immediately afterwards is the only 95p book. *An Unearthly Child* arrived at £1.25, but immediately after that, *State of Decay* dropped to £1.00. This was shortlived though and *Warriors' Gate* went straight back to £1.25. *Time-flight* flew up to £ 1.35 and then the glossy *The Five Doctors* cost £1.50. Once again the price dropped, this time back to £1.35 for *Mawdryn Undead,* but that didn't last too long and *The Dominators* was the first of the current batch, at £1.50. There you are Warren, and thanks to Ian Edmond for his help over one or two prices.

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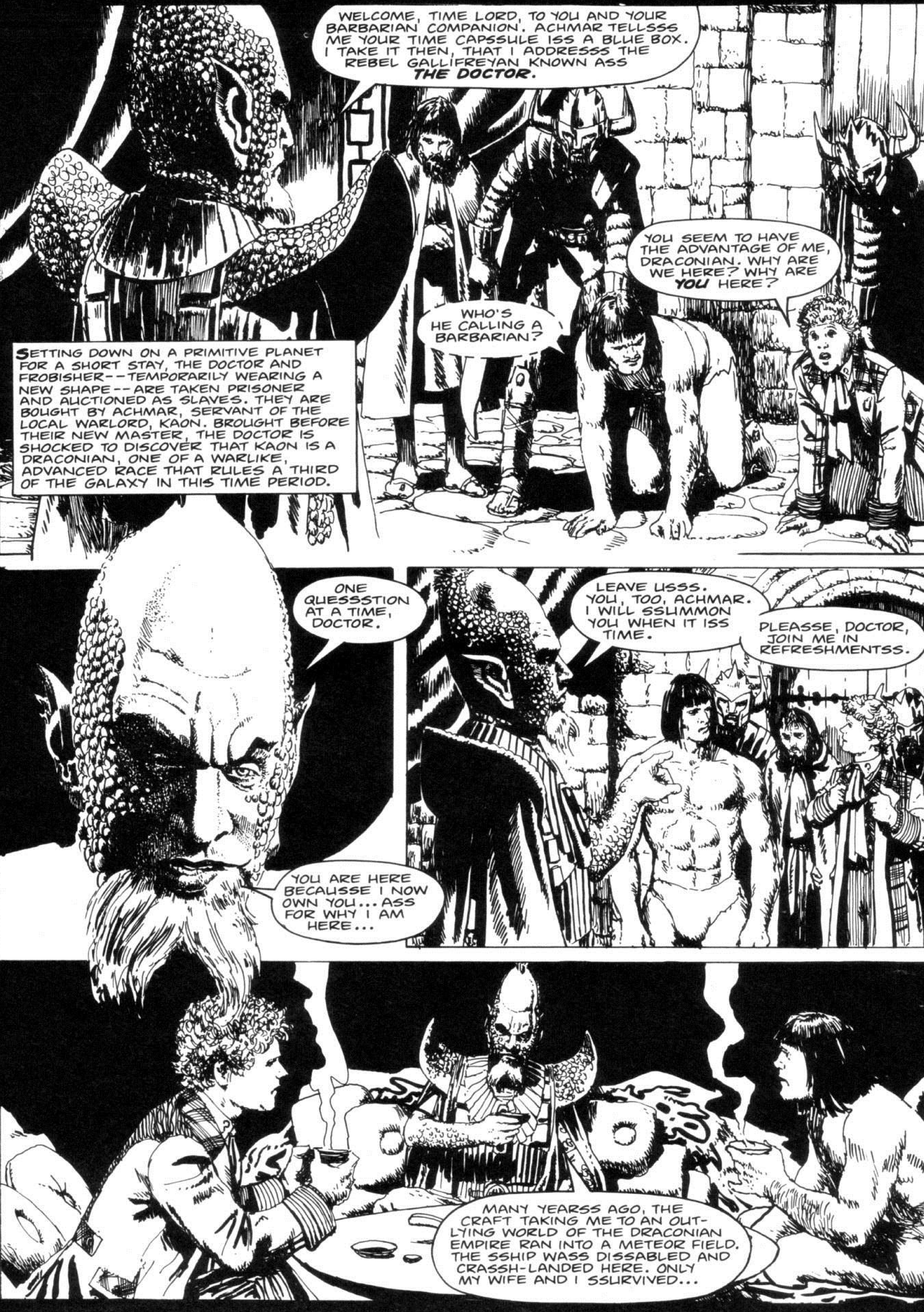
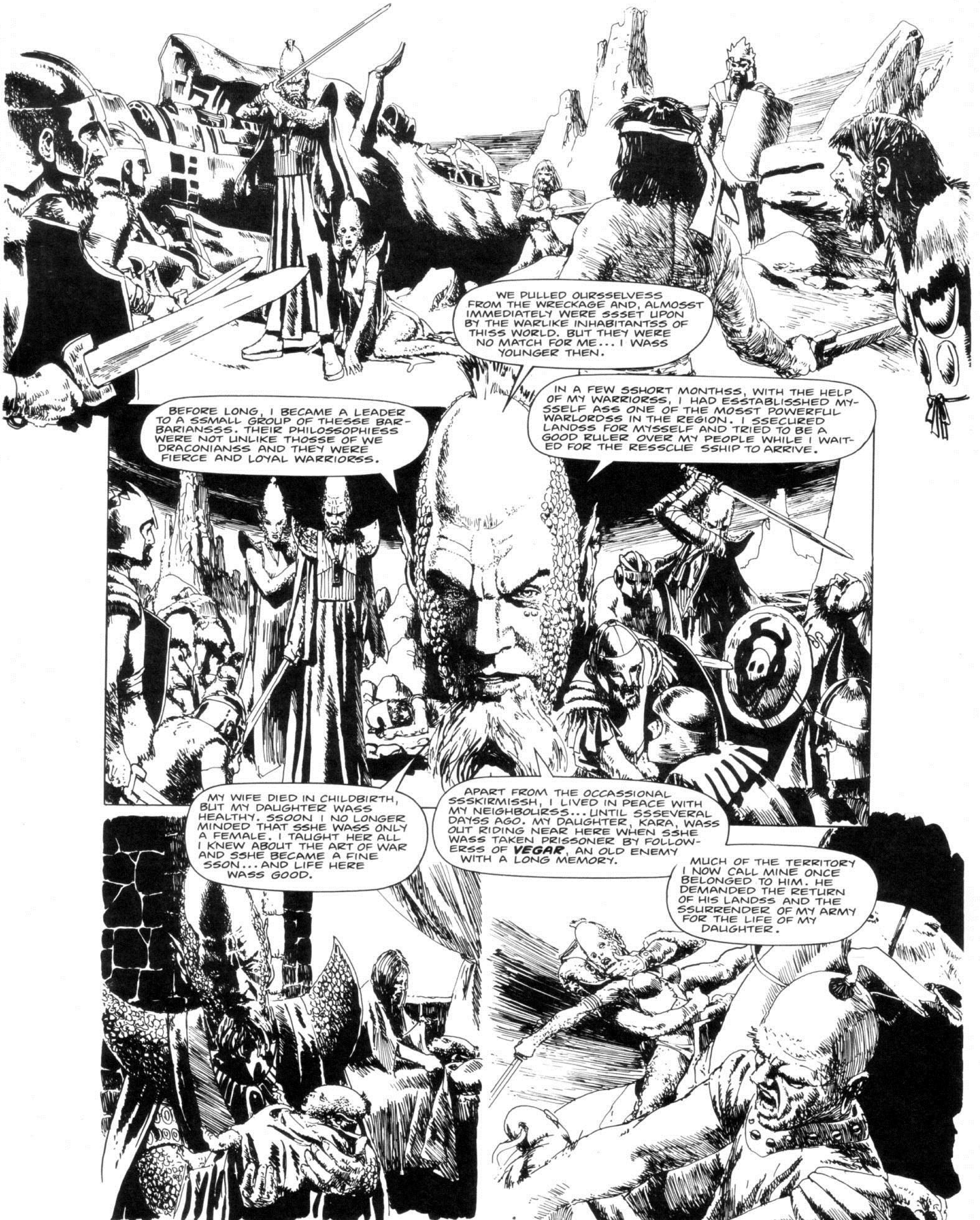
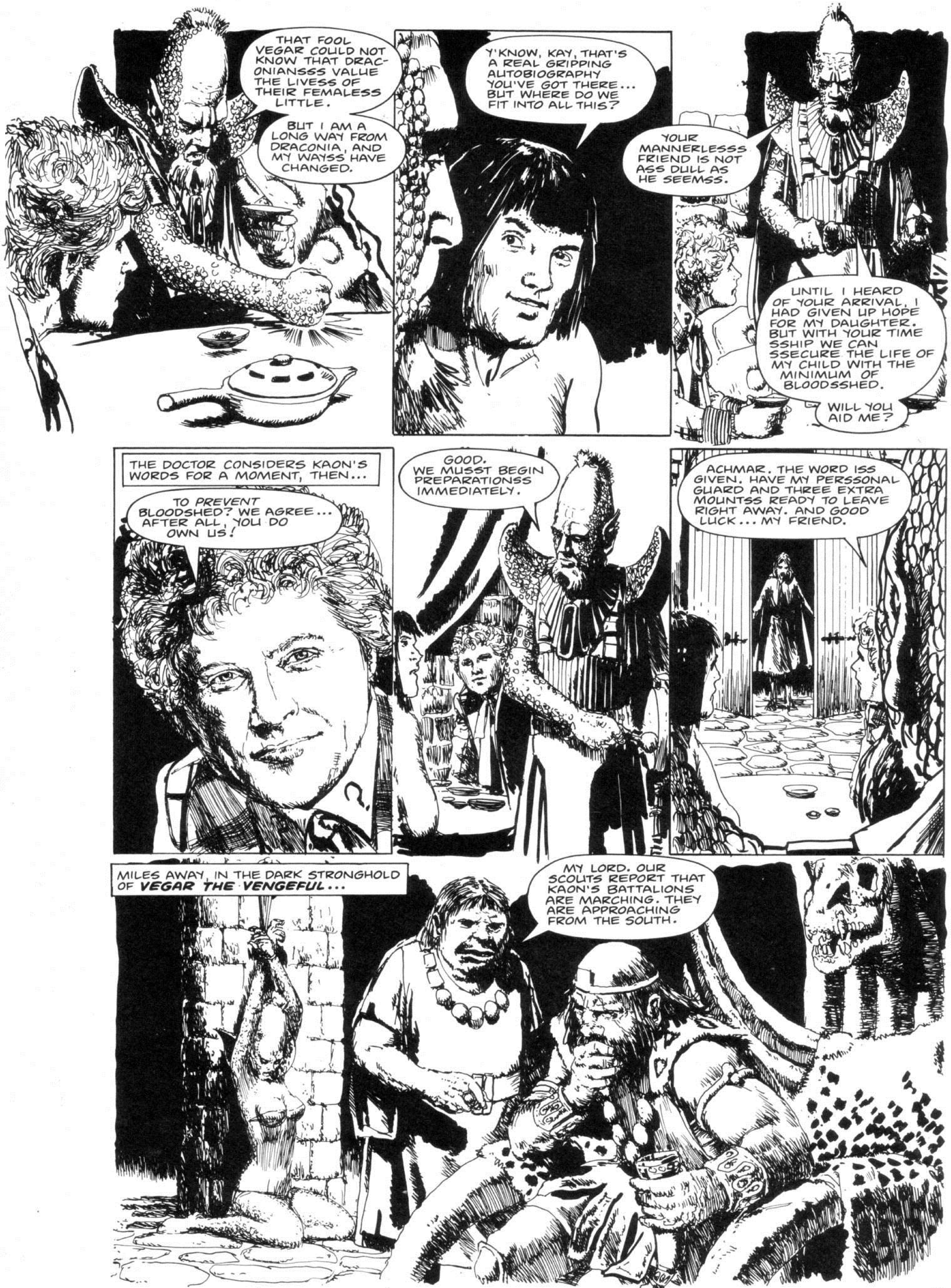
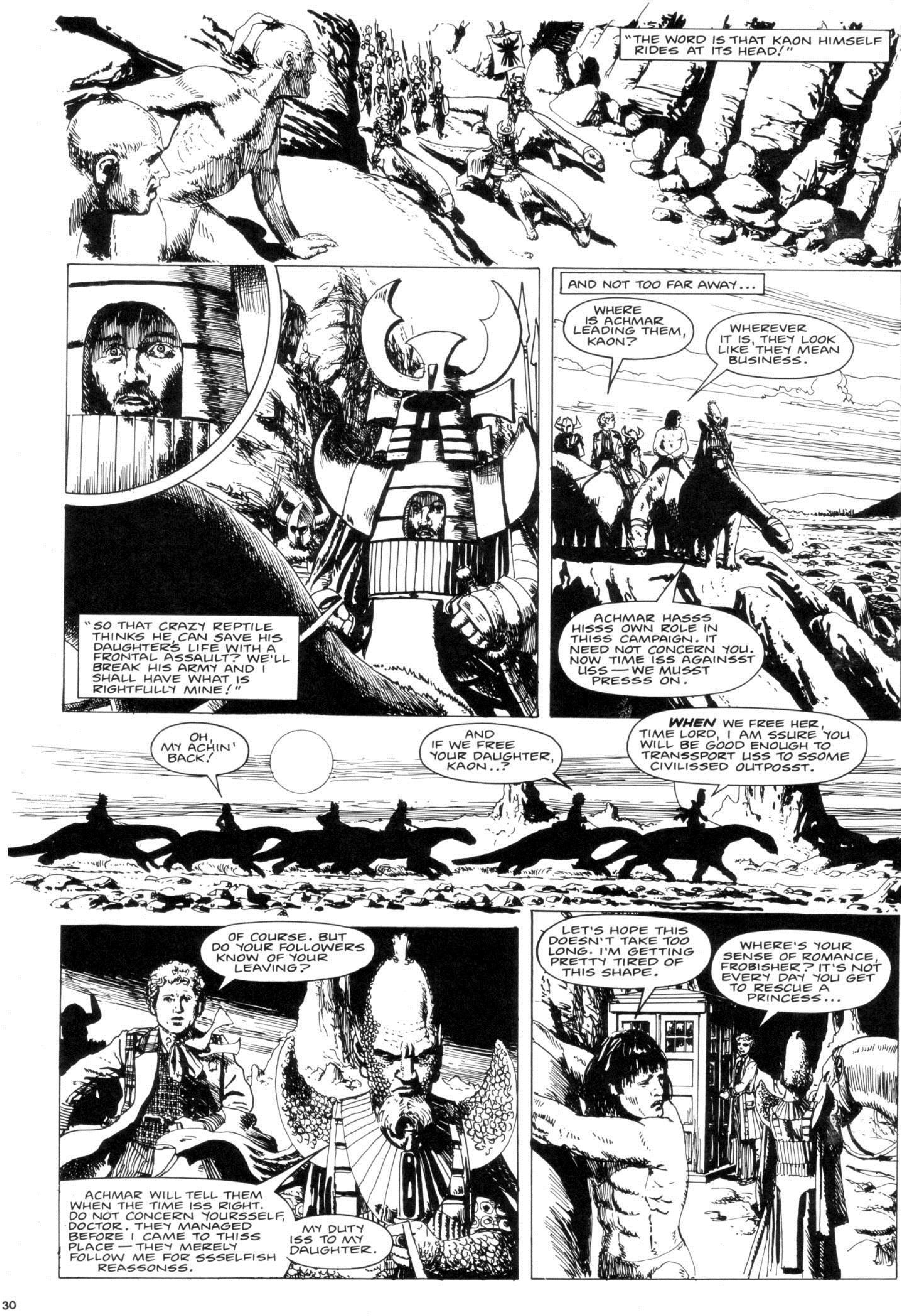
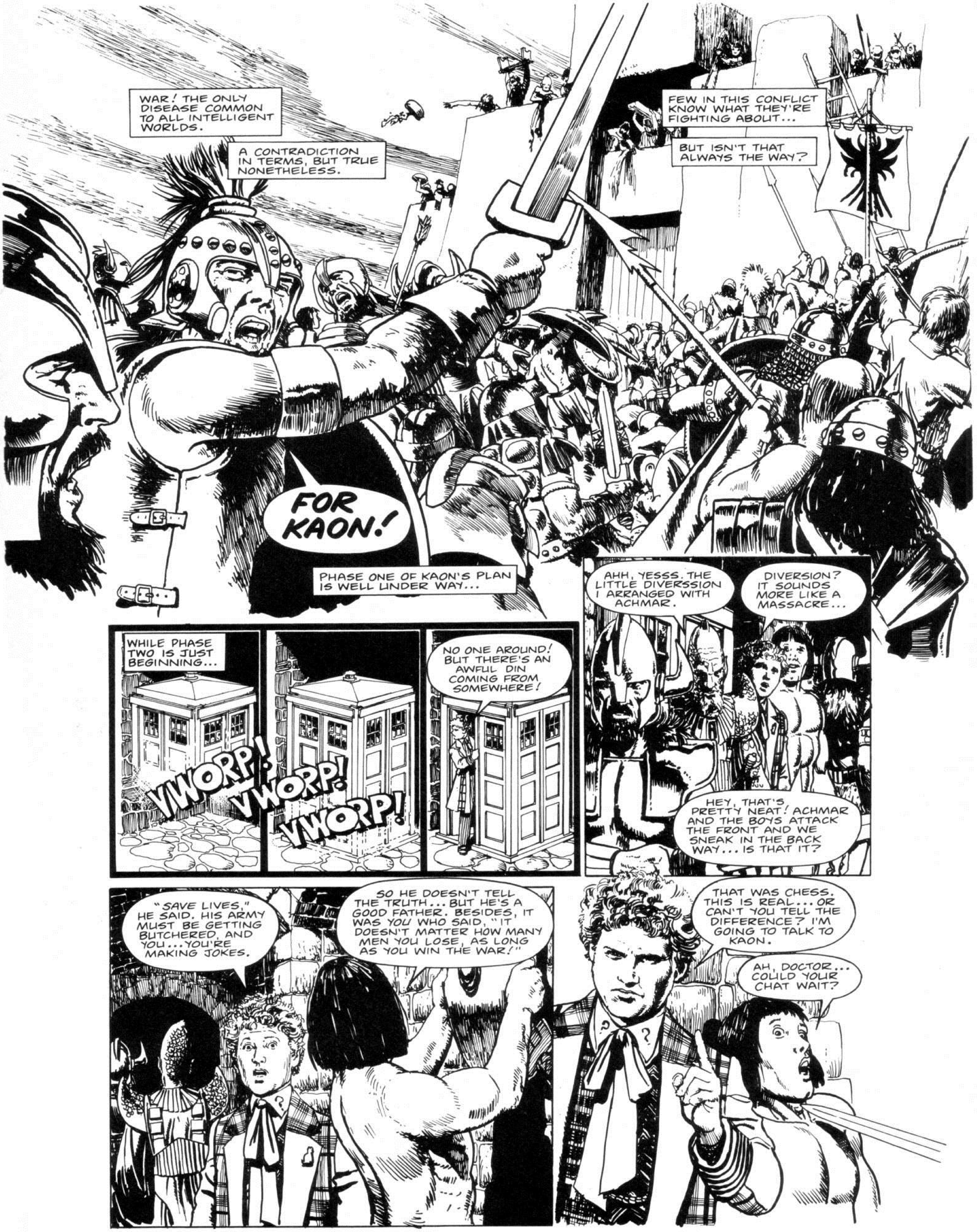

WELCOME, TIME LORD, TO YOU AND YOUR BARBARIAN COMPANION. ACHMAR TELLSSS ME YOUR TIME CAPSSULE ISS A BLUE BOX. I TAKE IT THEN, THAT I ADDRESSS THE REBEL GALLIFREYAN KNOWN ASS **THE DOCTOR**.
YOU SEEM TO HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF ME, DRACONIAN. WHY ARE WE HERE? WHY ARE **YOU** HERE?
WHO'S HE CALLING A BARBARIAN?
SETTING DOWN ON A PRIMITIVE PLANET FOR A SHORT STAY, THE DOCTOR AND FROBISHER--TEMPORARILY WEARING A NEW SHAPE--ARE TAKEN PRISONER AND AUCTIONED AS SLAVES. THEY ARE BOUGHT BY ACHMAR, SERVANT OF THE LOCAL WARLORD, KAON. BROUGHT BEFORE THEIR NEW MASTER, THE DOCTOR IS SHOCKED TO DISCOVER THAT KAON IS A DRACONIAN, ONE OF A WARLIKE, ADVANCED RACE THAT RULES A THIRD OF THE GALAXY IN THIS TIME PERIOD.
ONE QUESSSTION AT A TIME, DOCTOR.
YOU ARE HERE BECAUSSE I NOW OWN YOU... ASS FOR WHY I AM HERE...
LEAVE USSS. YOU, TOO, ACHMAR. I WILL SSUMMON YOU WHEN IT ISS TIME.
PLEASSE, DOCTOR, JOIN ME IN REFRESHMENTSS.
MANY YEARSS AGO, THE CRAFT TAKING ME TO AN OUTLYING WORLD OF THE DRACONIAN EMPIRE RAN INTO A METEOR FIELD. THE SSHIP WASS DISSABLED AND CRASSH-LANDED HERE. ONLY MY WIFE AND I SSURVIVED...

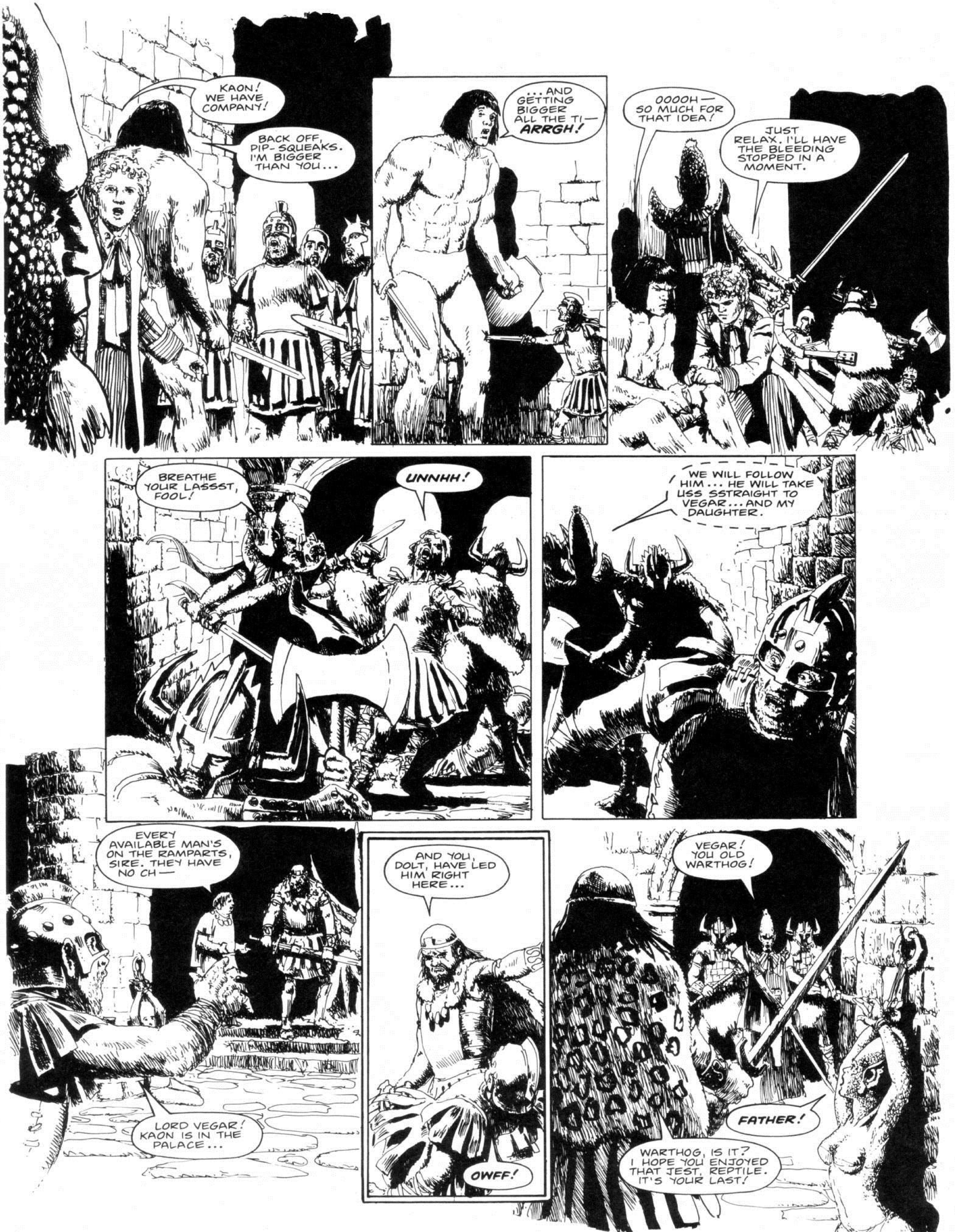
SCRIPT: ALAN McKENZIE ART: JOHN RIDGWAY EDITOR: IAN RIMMER


WE PULLED OURSSELVESS FROM THE WRECKAGE AND, ALMOSST IMMEDIATELY WERE SSSET UPON BY THE WARLIKE INHABITANTSS OF THISS WORLD. BUT THEY WERE NO MATCH FOR ME... I WASS YOUNGER THEN.
BEFORE LONG, I BECAME A LEADER TO A SSMALL GROUP OF THESSE BARBARIANSSS. THEIR PHILOSSOPHIESS WERE NOT UNLIKE THOSSE OF WE DRACONIANSS AND THEY WERE FIERCE AND LOYAL WARRIORSS.
IN A FEW SSHORT MONTHSS, WITH THE HELP OF MY WARRIORSS, I HAD ESSTABLISSHED MYSSELF ASS ONE OF THE MOSST POWERFUL WARLORDSS IN THE REGION. I SSECURED LANDSS FOR MYSSELF AND TRIED TO BE A GOOD RULER OVER MY PEOPLE WHILE I WAITED FOR THE RESSCUE SSHIP TO ARRIVE.
MY WIFE DIED IN CHILDBIRTH, BUT MY DAUGHTER WASS HEALTHY. SSOON I NO LONGER MINDED THAT SSHE WASS ONLY A FEMALE. I TAUGHT HER ALL I KNEW ABOUT THE ART OF WAR AND SSHE BECAME A FINE SSON... AND LIFE HERE WASS GOOD.
APART FROM THE OCCASSIONAL SSSKIRMISSH, I LIVED IN PEACE WITH MY NEIGHBOURSS... UNTIL SSSEVERAL DAYSS AGO. MY DAUGHTER, KARA, WASS OUT RIDING NEAR HERE WHEN SSHE WASS TAKEN PRISSONER BY FOLLOWERSS OF VEGAR, AN OLD ENEMY WITH A LONG MEMORY.
MUCH OF THE TERRITORY I NOW CALL MINE ONCE BELONGED TO HIM. HE DEMANDED THE RETURN OF HIS LANDSS AND THE SSURRENDER OF MY ARMY FOR THE LIFE OF MY DAUGHTER.

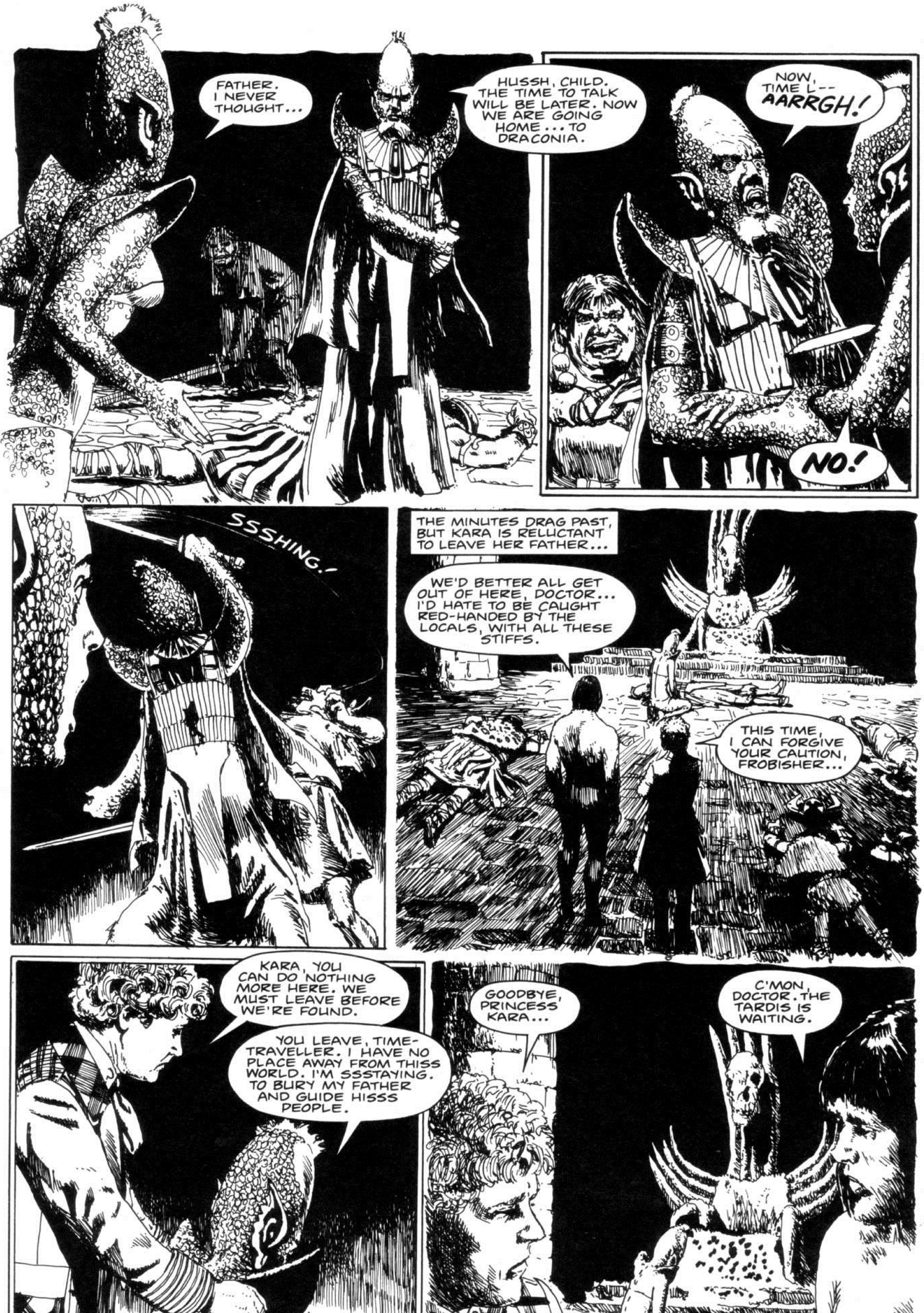

THAT FOOL VEGAR COULD NOT KNOW THAT DRACONIANSSS VALUE THE LIVESS OF THEIR FEMALESS LITTLE.
BUT I AM A LONG WAY FROM DRACONIA, AND MY WAYSS HAVE CHANGED.
Y'KNOW, KAY, THAT'S A REAL GRIPPING AUTOBIOGRAPHY YOU'VE GOT THERE... BUT WHERE DO WE FIT INTO ALL THIS?
YOUR MANNERLESSS FRIEND IS NOT ASS DULL AS HE SEEMSS.
UNTIL I HEARD OF YOUR ARRIVAL, I HAD GIVEN UP HOPE FOR MY DAUGHTER. BUT WITH YOUR TIME SSHIP WE CAN SSECURE THE LIFE OF MY CHILD WITH THE MINIMUM OF BLOODSSHED.
WILL YOU AID ME?
THE DOCTOR CONSIDERS KAON'S WORDS FOR A MOMENT, THEN...
TO PREVENT BLOODSHED? WE AGREE... AFTER ALL, YOU DO OWN US!
GOOD. WE MUSST BEGIN PREPARATIONSS IMMEDIATELY.
ACHMAR. THE WORD ISS GIVEN. HAVE MY PERSSONAL GUARD AND THREE EXTRA MOUNTSS READY TO LEAVE RIGHT AWAY. AND GOOD LUCK... MY FRIEND.
MILES AWAY, IN THE DARK STRONGHOLD OF **VEGAR THE VENGEFUL...**
MY LORD. OUR SCOUTS REPORT THAT KAON'S BATTALIONS ARE MARCHING. THEY ARE APPROACHING FROM THE SOUTH.


"THE WORD IS THAT KAON HIMSELF RIDES AT ITS HEAD!"
"SO THAT CRAZY REPTILE THINKS HE CAN SAVE HIS DAUGHTER'S LIFE WITH A FRONTAL ASSAULT? WE'LL BREAK HIS ARMY AND I SHALL HAVE WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY MINE!"
AND NOT TOO FAR AWAY...
WHERE IS ACHMAR LEADING THEM, KAON?
WHEREVER IT IS, THEY LOOK LIKE THEY MEAN BUSINESS.
ACHMAR HASSS HISSS OWN ROLE IN THISS CAMPAIGN. IT NEED NOT CONCERN YOU. NOW TIME ISS AGAINSST USS — WE MUSST PRESSS ON.
OH, MY ACHIN' BACK!
AND IF WE FREE YOUR DAUGHTER, KAON..?
WHEN WE FREE HER, TIME LORD, I AM SSURE YOU WILL BE GOOD ENOUGH TO TRANSSPORT USS TO SSOME CIVILISSED OUTPOSST.
OF COURSE. BUT DO YOUR FOLLOWERS KNOW OF YOUR LEAVING?
ACHMAR WILL TELL THEM WHEN THE TIME ISS RIGHT. DO NOT CONCERN YOURSSELF, DOCTOR. THEY MANAGED BEFORE I CAME TO THISS PLACE — THEY MERELY FOLLOW ME FOR SSSELFISH REASSONSS.
MY DUTY ISS TO MY DAUGHTER.
LET'S HOPE THIS DOESN'T TAKE TOO LONG. I'M GETTING PRETTY TIRED OF THIS SHAPE.
WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF ROMANCE, FROBISHER? IT'S NOT EVERY DAY YOU GET TO RESCUE A PRINCESS...

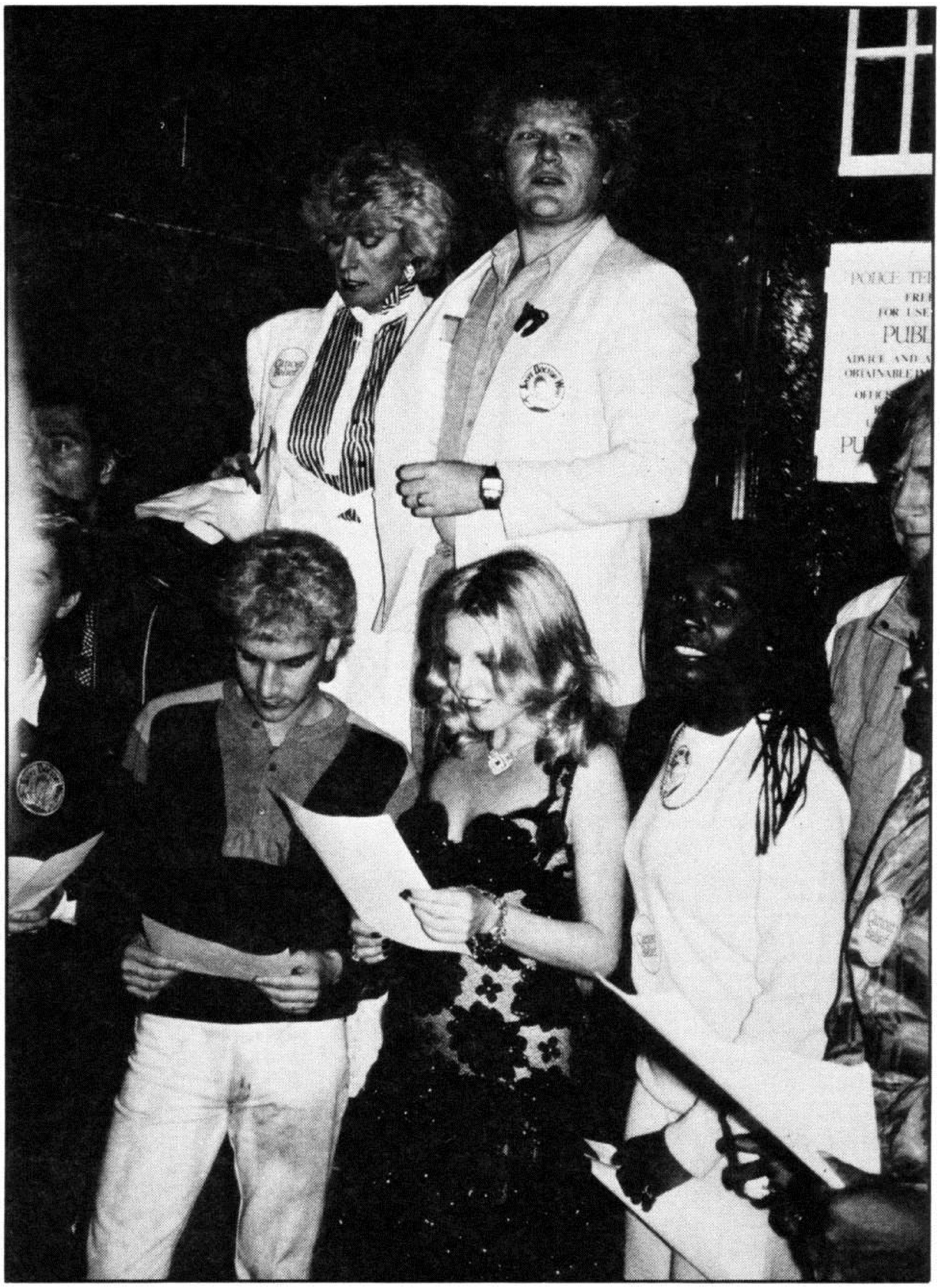

WAR! THE ONLY DISEASE COMMON TO ALL INTELLIGENT WORLDS.
A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS, BUT TRUE NONETHELESS.
FEW IN THIS CONFLICT KNOW WHAT THEY'RE FIGHTING ABOUT...
BUT ISN'T THAT ALWAYS THE WAY?
FOR KAON!
PHASE ONE OF KAON'S PLAN IS WELL UNDER WAY...
WHILE PHASE TWO IS JUST BEGINNING...
VWORP! VWORP! VWORP!
NO ONE AROUND! BUT THERE'S AN AWFUL DIN COMING FROM SOMEWHERE!
AHH, YESSS. THE LITTLE DIVERSSION I ARRANGED WITH ACHMAR.
DIVERSION? IT SOUNDS MORE LIKE A MASSACRE...
HEY, THAT'S PRETTY NEAT! ACHMAR AND THE BOYS ATTACK THE FRONT AND WE SNEAK IN THE BACK WAY... IS THAT IT?
"SAVE LIVES," HE SAID. HIS ARMY MUST BE GETTING BUTCHERED, AND YOU... YOU'RE MAKING JOKES.
SO HE DOESN'T TELL THE TRUTH... BUT HE'S A GOOD FATHER. BESIDES, IT WAS YOU WHO SAID, "IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW MANY MEN YOU LOSE, AS LONG AS YOU WIN THE WAR!"
THAT WAS CHESS. THIS IS REAL... OR CAN'T YOU TELL THE DIFFERENCE? I'M GOING TO TALK TO KAON.
AH, DOCTOR... COULD YOUR CHAT WAIT?


KAON! WE HAVE COMPANY!
BACK OFF, PIP-SQUEAKS. I'M BIGGER THAN YOU...
...AND GETTING BIGGER ALL THE TI— ARRGH!
OOOOH— SO MUCH FOR THAT IDEA!
JUST RELAX. I'LL HAVE THE BLEEDING STOPPED IN A MOMENT.
BREATHE YOUR LASSST, FOOL!
UNNHH!
WE WILL FOLLOW HIM... HE WILL TAKE USS SSTRAIGHT TO VEGAR... AND MY DAUGHTER.
EVERY AVAILABLE MAN'S ON THE RAMPARTS, SIRE. THEY HAVE NO CH—
LORD VEGAR! KAON IS IN THE PALACE...
AND YOU, DOLT, HAVE LED HIM RIGHT HERE...
OWFF!
VEGAR! YOU OLD WARTHOG!
FATHER!
WARTHOG, IS IT? I HOPE YOU ENJOYED THAT JEST, REPTILE. IT'S YOUR LAST!

K-KLANG!
YOUR ELITE BODYGUARD, KAON? I'M HONOURED.
BUT I HOPE THEY GUARDED YOU...
K-KRUNCH!
THWIPP!
...BETTER THAN THEY GUARDED THEMSELVES.
NNARRGH!
I NEED NO GUARDSS, VEGAR. DEFEND YOURSSELF.
NOW'S OUR CHANCE. FREE THE GIRL, QUICKLY.
CLANG! CLANG!
CLANG!
CLANG!
CLANG!
ERK!


FATHER. I NEVER THOUGHT...
HUSSH, CHILD. THE TIME TO TALK WILL BE LATER. NOW WE ARE GOING HOME... TO DRACONIA.
NOW, TIME L'-- AARRGH!
NO!
SSSHING.!
THE MINUTES DRAG PAST, BUT KARA IS RELUCTANT TO LEAVE HER FATHER...
WE'D BETTER ALL GET OUT OF HERE, DOCTOR... I'D HATE TO BE CAUGHT RED-HANDED BY THE LOCALS, WITH ALL THESE STIFFS.
THIS TIME, I CAN FORGIVE YOUR CAUTION, FROBISHER...
KARA, YOU CAN DO NOTHING MORE HERE. WE MUST LEAVE BEFORE WE'RE FOUND.
YOU LEAVE, TIME-TRAVELLER. I HAVE NO PLACE AWAY FROM THISS WORLD. I'M SSSTAYING. TO BURY MY FATHER AND GUIDE HISSS PEOPLE.
THEY NEED ME NOW, MORE THAN EVER.
GOODBYE, PRINCESS KARA...
C'MON, DOCTOR. THE TARDIS IS WAITING.
THE END.

DISCO DOCTOR?



Take the following ingredients: The threatened demise of an undeniably popular television programme; a collective of concerned pop personalities; a small record production crew working under pressure; healthy press coverage; and one night in March, and you have the successful recipe for **Doctor In Distress**. *The* Doctor Who Magazine *presents this exclusive behind-the-scenes report on the making of a protest record by people who care.*

One unforgettable day, 25th February 1985, it seemed it was all over – twenty-two years of television history – the death of Doctor Who! **As the week unfolded the national press was packed with news about the galaxy shattering event. Then on friday of that week the** Daily Star **ran an exclusive story on the cover, that many top members of the pop and show business world were banding together for a protest record, and that the single would be in the shops the following week.**

It had started earlier that week at the first 'leak' of the news. Former Doctor Who Annual **illustrator, Paul Mark Tams, was appalled by the news, and contacted record producer Ian Levine with a proposal. Paul, now working in the record industry, decided that a project similar to Bob Geldof's** Band-Aid/**Ethiopian charity scheme would be the best wayof voicing his and many other people's opinions. He ▶**

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MC49

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DISCO DOCTOR?

knew that quite a number of pop personalities were fans of the show, and set about contacting them.

Ian Levine had arranged with his record label Record Shack Records to co-write and produce the single with his partner Fiachra Trench (Ian and Fiachra were also responsible for the theme to *K-9 and Company*), and that the single would be released on the Record Shack label. Paul had come up with the name *Who Cares* for the collective of personalities. After plans were laid that weekend, Paul set about contacting the stars, in the space of only three days, for the scheduled recording session on the following Thursday, 7th March.

Record Shack's Managing Director, Jeff Weston, kindly contacted the people from the National Society for Cancer Relief, the charity who would benefit from all profits of the records sales. Jeff also had liaised with JP Iliesco, who loaned the services of Trident Recording studios. After Ian Levine and his partner had written the song *Doctor In Distress*, they set about programming the fairlight computer at the studio (this replaces old fashioned things such as musical instruments), whilst Paul was making last minute arrangements with press, television and the array of stars who turned up on the thursday evening.

The appointed time of six o'clock arrived, and by that time Paul's nerves were on edge. The press had already gathered, including film crews from both *TV AM* and the BBC. The first celebrity to turn up was comedienne Faith Brown, soon followed by Nicholas (Brigadier) Courtney and Bucks Fizz star Bobby G. Then in walked Nicola (Peri) Bryant, and a little later Justin Hayward and John Lodge, millionaire mega-stars of the Moody Blues. Rick Buckler, ex-drummer from The Jam, arrived with his band Time UK, and things seemed to be going quite well, until Black Lace rang to say that their train had been cancelled from Bradford, so there was no way they could make it in time. Gary Glitter had also sent his apologies, because of a dislocated shoulder, as did Helen Terry, who was most upset she couldn't make it, but had to fly overseas urgently. Warren Cann from Ultravox arrived next, closely followed by the American artist Phyllis Nelson, whose hit *Move Closer* was riding high in the charts at the time.

There was an evil laugh coming from the reception area, and Paul rushed upstairs to greet Anthony (the Master) Ainley who was more than delighted to join in the proceedings. Ian and Paul were being filmed by the BBC when Colin Baker arrived, ready to lend his vocal talents to the many others. Paul was asked by one journalist "Don't you think it's odd having actors 'singing' along with pop stars"? Paul replied "I'd seen Colin singing in the Cinderella pantomime earlier this year, and he has a very strong voice"! Ritchie Pitts, star of Starlight Express, accompanied Earlene Bentley to the studio, but left quickly for his evening performance at the Apollo Victoria. Sally Thomsett also came along, and although she's never appeared in *Doctor Who*, she has always loved the programme "as it represents all that is good about British television".

The press had a field day with the line-up of stars, and flash bulbs were going off continuously. Paul announced through the P.A. system that Ian and Fiachra were ready to start recording, commencing with the main chorus. People were still arriving at the studio, including Steve Grant and Julie Harris both 'ex' of Tight Fit, and John Rocca from Freeez, along with Miquel Brown, who had the hit *So Many Men So Little Time.* The studio was really bustling as everyone got to know each other. Paul breathed a sigh of relief as everyone he'd invited turned up, apart from Holly Johnson who was caught up at rehearsals in Brixton. However, Hazell Dean soon bounced in direct from a lunchtime appearance on *Pebble Mill At One*, and Basia and Danny from Matt Bianco made an unexpected appearance, apparently having heard of the session that afternoon. Colin Baker didn't recognise Basia, but told Paul that Matt Bianco were one of his favourite bands. Ian sorted out who was to do the solo spots on the record and things went along very smoothly and quickly.

Once it was established who was on record, Paul Savory of Record Shack disappeared off to letraset the sleeve artwork, a job which took all night! Jeff Weston thanked everyone for their time and effort on behalf of his company and the National Society for Cancer Relief, whose representatives on the evening were overwhelmed by the turn-out of such famous personalities.

The project had been a certifiable success, and Ian and Fiachra spent all night, along with mixer 'Flood', to get both seven inch and twelve inch versions ready for the record manufacturers the next day. The B-sides featured an instrumental version of the final hi-energy dance number. The records hit the shops within ten days of the recording session, ultimately, proving that it's nice to know that people out there care . . .

FLIP THE PAGE FOR THE COMPETITION...

COMPETITION

25 COPIES OF DOCTOR IN DISTRESS TO BE WON!

Eighteen months is too long to wait,
Bring back the doctor don't hesitate.
It was a cold wet night in November
Twenty-two years ago,
There was a police box in a junkyard
We didn't know where it would go,
An old man took two teachers
Into time and space,
It started off a legend
That no other could replace.
Doctor in distress,
Let's all answer his S.O.S.,
Doctor in distress,
Bring him back now, we won't take less.
There were evil metal creatures
Who tried to exterminate,
Inside each of their casings
Was a bubbling lump of hate,
We met cybernetic humans
With no feelings at all,
Warriors of the ice
Who stood over seven feet tall.
Bring him back now we won't take less,
If we stop his travels he'll be in a mess,
The galaxy will fall to evil once more,
With nightmarish monsters fighting a war.
We've learned to accept six doctors
With companions at their side,
When they were faced with danger
They didn't run and hide,
There was a Brigadier and a Master
And a canine computer,
Each screaming girl just hoped
That a Yeti wouldn't shoot her.
Doctor in distress,
Let's all answer his S.O.S.,
Doctor in distress,
Bring him back now, we won't take less.

(Doctor in Distress – The Song)

You've just read the official lyrics for the *Doctor in Distress* song. Now all you have to do to win a copy of this popular record is come up with your own lyrics for a *Doctor Who* Theme Song.
The five first place winners will each receive an EP version of the record *signed* by Colin Baker and Nicola Bryant, and the 20 runner-ups will receive a single of the record.

The submitted song should be no longer than three stanzas and clearly typed. **The closing date for the competition is 14th June 1985,** and you should send your entries to:
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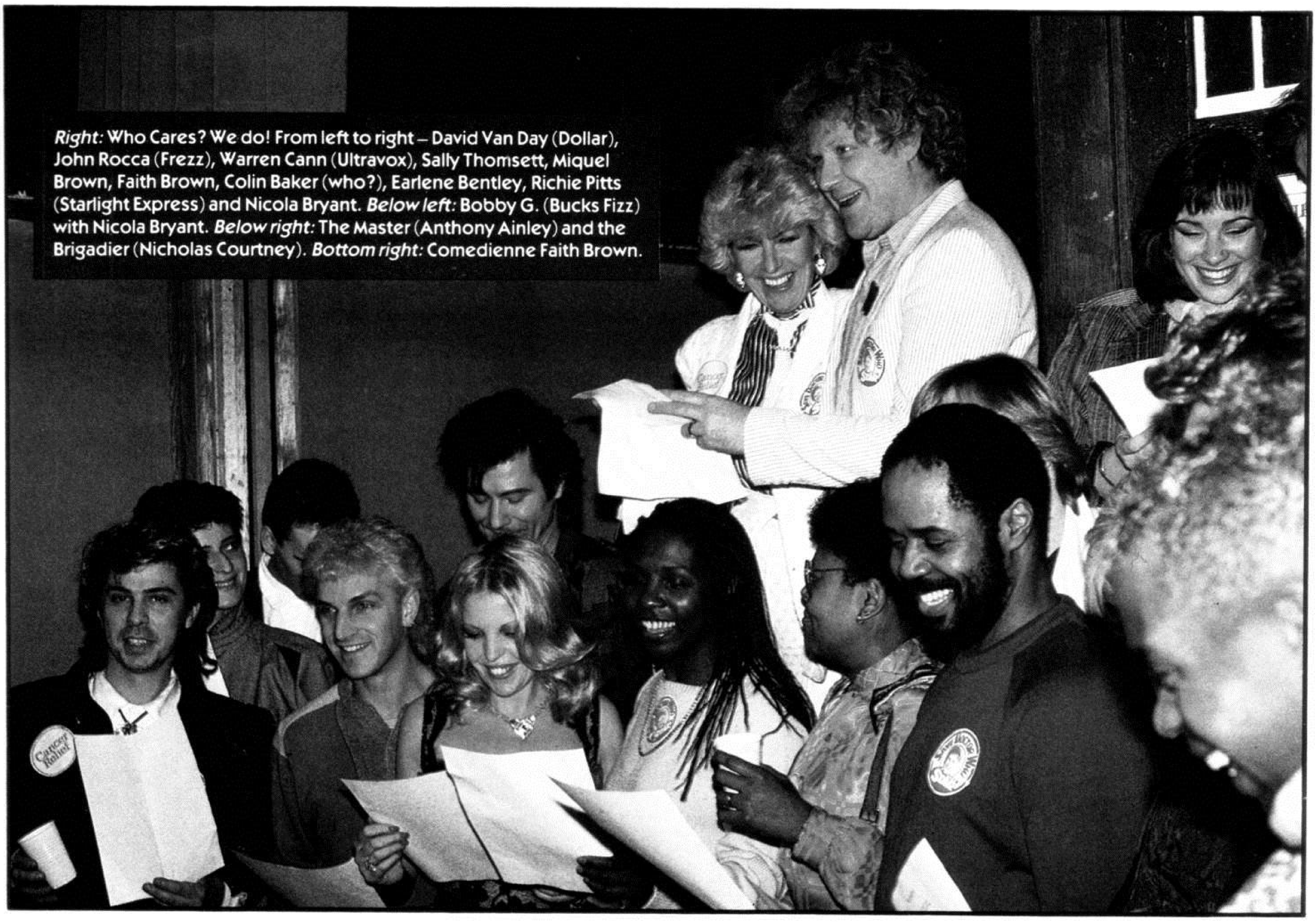

Right: Who Cares? We do! From left to right – David Van Day (Dollar), John Rocca (Frezz), Warren Cann (Ultravox), Sally Thomsett, Miquel Brown, Faith Brown, Colin Baker (who?), Earlene Bentley, Richie Pitts (Starlight Express) and Nicola Bryant. *Below left:* Bobby G. (Bucks Fizz) with Nicola Bryant. *Below right:* The Master (Anthony Ainley) and the Brigadier (Nicholas Courtney). *Bottom right:* Comedienne Faith Brown.